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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Town of Gravesend, and of the Port of London. By R. P. Cruden. Large 8vo, pp. 570. London, W. Pickering; Gravesend, J. Johnston.

WITH *Number Fourteen Hundred* we open the way into the (weekly) fifteenth century of the *Literary Gazette*, with a No., too, so *Annualed* in the review department, as to be hardly free for aught else. It is a long retrospect, my masters; almost as long in reality as the Gravesend antiquary and author is in research; for, backing Weeks against Years, with all the ample and minute information of the former, and all the lost and forgotten of the latter, we are inclined to believe that the Weeks would win!

Nevertheless, we are not disinclined to do credit to our contemporary, nor inclined to enter into rivalry with him. He has produced a very handsome volume (like the generality from Mr. Pickering's press), and one for which the best local and general intelligence has been sedulously collected and well arranged.

Gravesend, in the *Domesday Book*, appears as a manor, not a town, called *Gravesham*; probably from *graf*, a reve, and *heim*, a ham-let. About its environs are found pottery and other Roman relics: for the Watling Street ran within two miles of it. The tugging of Saxons and Danes did not leave the locality undisturbed; and it was also the scene of contentions during the contests of the rival Roses and the civil wars, and especially in Wyatt's rebellion, of which an excellent historical account is given. Here, as in other matters, we have to thank Mr. Cruden for several original and unpublished letters of considerable interest. The foundations of religious houses, the embankments of the river, and the charters, the first of incorporation being granted by Elizabeth in 1562, together with other particulars of topographical and peculiar character, are also all set down in a clear and satisfactory manner. Among other points established by the author's inquiries, are the building of the great vessel *Harry Grace-a-Dieu* at Woolwich, and the introduction of the magnet in the time of Edward III., certainly not before the middle of the fourteenth century. Long before that, viz. in 1292-3, we find the Gravesend navigators brought to account for extortions, in charging passengers a penny instead of a halfpenny for the long ferry, i.e. from London to Gravesend, as the Witham ferries were also made to compeer for taking a penny instead of a farthing fare for crossing the Thames. Part of the business is worth quoting:—

"When the justices of assize, John de Bere-ryk, Thomas de Normanville, William de Bereford, John de Lythevynes, and Hugh de Kent, or some of them, came to Canterbury in the 21st year of the reign of Edward I., being five years after the calamitous storm, presentment was made to the court, that the bridge or causeway at Gravesend was in a bad condition, by which many, both of the neighbourhood and strangers, sustained great injury, and that Henry de Cramville was liable to repair a moiety of the bridge, and the village of Milton the other

part. At the same time and place, the jury presented that the boatmen of Gravesend, Milton, and London, did take from passengers unjust fares against their will; that is, where they had formerly taken a halfpenny from a person for his passage to London, they then took a penny; wherefore the sheriff was directed to summon the parties, &c."—"Then came Robert Gnoubal, Richard Dugil, and other boatmen of Gravesend, and they could not deny that they had taken pennies as charged: they were therefore in mercy; and it was required of them that in future they should take no more than one halfpenny; and Robert Gnoubal and Richard Dugil gave a bond of forty shillings for compliance, with their sureties, William Boleyne and John Gervoy's."

In after times the ferry was regulated under Sir Henry Sydney (1573); and the barges employed were assisted by seven tiltboats, "properly manned and equipped to take turns as auxiliaries to the barge, 'for serving the nobilitie and worshipfull, and their attendants;' and from the terms in which this arrangement is expressed, it seems that the tiltboats were first recognised and admitted to a participation in the ferry, at that period."—"Care was taken that these tiltboats should not injuriously interfere with the profits of the barge. It was stipulated that no master of a tiltboat should take of any persons ('other than of the nobilitie or worshipful in the last constitution specified') to be carried from Gravesend or Milton to London, more than sixpence; paying out of this the accustomed fare in the barge, which was twopenny, to the owner of the turn, the same tide that the tiltboat was engaged; provided, however, that if the earnings of the barge in that turn should amount to thirteen shillings and fourpence, then the payment by the tiltboat master to the barge was to be only one penny in respect of each passenger. If the barge, by reason of foul weather, did not proceed from the bridge at Gravesend towards London to the distance of three miles, then the tiltboat might proceed without making any payment to the barge."

The following were the charges:—

"For every score of lambs . . .	viii d.
A calf . . .	ii
A boar alive viii d., dead . . .	iiii
A [piece of?] broad cloth . . .	ii
A dicker of leather, tanned . . .	vi
A dozen of calves skins . . .	ii
A pack of wool . . .	viii
A great hamper, or basket . . .	iiii
A quarter of corn . . .	iiii
A hoghead . . .	iiii
A barrel, filled . . .	iii
A firkin . . .	i
A saddle . . .	i
A barrel of herring . . .	ii
A pack of cloth, cross mailed . . .	iii

William Bourne, the author of a number of works, seems to have been the most famous literary native of Gravesend, and was one of its corporate members.

"Among the inventions and devices noticed by Bourne, there are several that have recently been presented as new discoveries, and some of peculiar interest, for having been brought into use upon late occasions at Gravesend; and as the work has become scarce, a few of the devices may be given:—'8th device, fire-ships;

16, a chain for defence of harbours; 17, a false keel; 19, a boate to goe without oares or sayle, by the placing of certaine wheeles on the outside of the boate, in that sort that the armes of the wheeles may goe into the water, and so turning the wheeles by some prouision, and so the wheeles shall make the boate to goe; 20, a tide-mill on a floating vessel, as then used in France and in the Thames, according to Stow; 21, a ship's log: this was the invention of Humphrey Cole—see Walpole's Catalogue of Engravers; 22, a diving-bell, then used by the Venetians and Italians; 23, a dress and apparatus for divers, to be used for recovering sunken bodies lying in deep water; 53, and also there is devised by John Skinner, one of the queen's majestie's men, a certaine scrowe, to set underneath the taile of a piece of ordonnance, so that you may bring her into what level that you list without any coynes, &c.; 59, the steelyard, introduced from Spain; 75, a night-signal, or telegraph; 107, reflecting mirrors; 110, a device for magnifying distant objects by means of glasses, which might have suggested the telescope."

The coinage of Gravesend tokens furnishes two plates; and an account of the Gravesend tunnel, proposed so long ago as 1798, by Mr. Ralph Dodd, a most ingenious, unfortunate, and ill-used engineer, shews that he was the earliest projector of this species of traject, as he was, we remember, the planner of Waterloo Bridge, the execution of which, like many of his other valuable designs, was devolved upon others: and poor Dodd died in penury, leaving his family (two clever professional sons and a literary daughter) to contend against very adverse circumstances, and meet almost the same treatment and ill-luck as their father.

Speaking of the alarming mutiny at the Nore, we are told of two of the delegates who came on a mission to Col. Nesbit, commanding at Gravesend:—

"While on their way the party was met by two inhabitants of Gravesend, who entered into conversation with them; and upon an intimation that the seamen were pursuing a dangerous course by violating the laws of their country, one of the delegates immediately said, 'Oh! the laws of the land are given at the Nore now;' and when they arrived among the persons collected to see their approach to head-quarters, one of the crowd, more injudicious than the rest, called the delegates a set of rebellious scoundrels; upon which another of them said, 'Rebellion! why, that word is taken out of the dictionary now, and revolution is put in its place.' These expressions would not have a place here, unless the fact that they were actually used were satisfactorily proved; nor would they have been noticed but for the bearing that they have upon the question, whether the mutineers were not excited by agitators on shore through the agency of political incendiaries among themselves."

But why need we follow up the story of Gravesend down the streams of Time and the Thames, spent *Temps*, by the by, in the Diary of Edward VI. As in the fifteenth century printing issued its magic to alter the destinies of mankind, so in our (*Literary Gazette*, "weekly," as afore-

said) fifteenth century steam arose and changed all between London and Gravesend, and London itself and Gravesend itself. The latter has increased so wonderfully that there are now no fewer than *twenty-three sellers of shrimps* established in thriving shops, in this great metropolis of these small shellfish.

About the same period with the steam, the *Literary Gazette* started; and has effected a literary revolution in the world of periodical literature, and the diffusion of a knowledge of arts and sciences; leading also to the formation of numerous shrimps (as well as crimp) shops for the vendition of pennyworths and other limited capacities of letters, to be munched by the liberal and enlightened public. The similarity, too, holds good throughout. The heads of our compeers, like the heads of the shrimps, are so empty as to be thrown away; and their tales also go to the rubbish-box. Whilst living, they crawl about in a strange manner, feeding on larger creatures; and when prepared for use by boiling, there is little or nothing in them.

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

1. *Philosophical Theories and Philosophical Experience.* By a Pariah. Pp. 91.
2. *The Connexion between Physiology and Intellectual Philosophy.* By John Barlow, M.A. Pp. 64.
3. *On Man's Power over Himself to prevent or control Insanity.* By the same. Pp. 68. London, Pickering.

WE learn from the prospectus that a few individuals have united themselves together for the purpose, as they express it, "of furnishing the large class of busy men with the essence of useful information compressed into the shortest and pleasantest form, and made intelligible by a clear explanation of the few great principles which form the basis of all science." Their publication is well timed. Facts! facts! has been the cry for many years, and now those who have received the food they craved for may justly expect to be taught the means to turn it into nourishment. As, in some measure carrying out this object, we welcome the present volumes; assured that every person who reads them, whether he agree with or differ from the opinions expressed, will rise from their perusal with the tone of his thoughts strengthened and improved.

The subject of the first treatise is metaphysical science; its direct object, to render that science practical. It is thus introduced:—

"Man goes forth at his entrance into life confident in powers, which, to his youthful fancy, seem to know no limit; he feels the happiness that his nature is capable of, and that it sighs for, and he rushes on to grasp and to enjoy it; but he soon perceives that a power exterior to himself limits and often thwarts his endeavours; he finds himself at the mercy of circumstances, which he can rarely guide, or, at best, only in a very slight degree, and, amid the anguish of disappointed hope, he asks himself, 'What is this power which I can neither control nor escape from?' But he is young, he has probably expected to find his happiness in the pleasures of the senses; and a voice within him says that these are gross, and unworthy of the god-like nature which he is conscious of possessing. He launches into the pursuits of the man, forces himself to acquire science and greatness at the expense of exertions which exhaust his physical strength; and, then when almost sinking under the fatigue of labours, which, nevertheless, have not given him all that he sought, he asks himself

again, 'What is this restless power within, which despises corporal enjoyment, and triumphs in compelling the sacrifice of bodily comfort for an object which, after all, none attain?' Insurmountable obstacles limit his progress, the perverseness of men thwarts his views: for their benefit no less than his own, he looks round in querulous displeasure, and again exclaims, 'Why is evil in the world?' But old age approaches; 'his thoughts' must 'perish' ere he has accomplished half that he has proposed to himself; he must 'go hence and be no more seen,' before he has even attained the fruit of his labours. He once more asks, in a sort of concentrated despair, 'Why man proposes ends to himself which he can never compass?' What is the good which his nature demands, and how is it to be attained? Is it sensual enjoyment? No! such pleasures pall on the senses and end in disgust. Is it intellectual? The limited powers of man make the pursuit of science laborious, and death comes ere he has reached what he sought. Is it in the innocent enjoyments of social life? These are soon buried in the graves of those he loves. These are the questions which every man not wholly brutalised must sooner or later ask himself. These are the questions, in fact, which have agitated mankind in all ages, and whose solution forms the basis of all systems of religion and philosophy. They all may be resolved into three, namely, 1. What is the nature of the power exterior to ourselves? 2. What is the nature of the power within ourselves? 3. What, with reference to these two, is the nature of the good which man ought to propose to himself as his aim and object?"

The author's solutions of these questions are each of them supported by a train of close and perspicuous reasoning. As respects the first, he arrives at the certainty of the existence of one eternal, self-existent, all-wise, and all-powerful Being. With reference to the second, that the powers within will be found to divide themselves into three classes:—"1. The instinctive emotions and appetites, all arising involuntarily, attended with a sensible bodily effect, and causing derangement of bodily health when in excess—anger, fear, &c., all take their place among these. 2. The faculties which are exercised by choice, but suffer fatigue in the exercise, require rest, and exhibit other symptoms of their animal origin, but nevertheless slumber if not called into activity by a voluntary act. 3. The acts of a restless undivided will, which requires no repose, suffers no fatigue, is as strong in the child or the dotard as in the mature man, which claims for itself the whole individuality of existence, and speaks of *my body, my faculties*, but never seems to have the most distant conception that this body or these faculties are identical with itself." And as to the third question, he concludes that true felicity is to be found in the development of an intelligent will; that the felicity of the Deity in kind, though not in degree, may be the lot of man; and that no one who is rational will propose to himself any other. And having thus vindicated the philosophy of the mind from the charge which many ill-judging although well-intentioned men have brought against it, of its tendency to destroy faith in revealed religion, our author may well exclaim:—"Such are the conclusions of philosophy, such were its conclusions from the time when these questions were first agitated; and wise and good men long before our era had suffered exile, imprisonment, and death, rather than abstain from promulgating these great truths. Who now will dare to stand forward and say that there is any just cause or impedi-

ment why philosophy and Christianity should not plight their troths to each other, and bless the world henceforward by their holy union? Once more I publish the banns, and defy man to put asunder those whom God has willed should be joined together."

The noble aim of all philosophy having been thus shewn, the way is prepared for the society's second treatise, *The Connexion between Physiology and Intellectual Philosophy*. Through the lips of Mr. Barlow, the indefatigable secretary of the Royal Institution, its contents have been already communicated to those who, on Friday evenings, are accustomed to assemble in the lecture-room in Albemarle Street. It consists of two parts. The first is occupied with a comparison of the nervous system as it exists in all creatures, from those lowest in the scale up to man; from that comparison deducing, as an inference, that, as we reach each higher grade, the intelligence of the animal is proportionate to the development of its nervous system. There then follows a concise but clear account of the various services which the different sets of nerves render the human body; until, by reasoning upon a series of facts, it is demonstrated that a certain portion of the brain is actually the organ of thought and recollection, and that what are called the reasoning faculties are as much a portion of the hemispheres of the brain as sight or hearing are of the optic or auditory nerves.

Having arrived at this point, having traced out the parts of the machine, and shewn how it acts, there still remains this inquiry: What is it which causes it to act? what is it which oftentimes impels it in a direction contrary to whither its instinctive impulses would lead it? In the second part of the lecture, the existence of this internal power is asserted:—"The philosopher, when he sees an effect produced, seeks for the cause; the chemist, if he finds two apparently similar circumstances, which, under the same test, exhibit different phenomena, thinks that a sufficient cause for considering them different in nature, and gives them different names. If, then, effects occur in man which are not sufficiently accounted for by any known bodily organism or impulse,—if, under the same circumstances, he acts as no other animal would act,—we must either on this occasion throw aside all our usual modes of reasoning, or we must pronounce that man differs essentially from all other animals, and has a cause of action not to be sought in nerves or muscles. That cause may be invisible—so is the wind; imponderable—so is electricity; intangible—so is light, if the one organ fitted to receive it be disabled: it is therefore no new thing to find an existing agency of potent efficacy which, as far as regards our senses, is invisible, imponderable, and intangible. What we call it matters not; it is evidently superior to and master of the body; it has other objects in view, other pleasures, other hopes; and to attain these it compels its slave to undergo privations, pain, and death."

To trace the connexion between matter and the mind, between the corruptible and the incorruptible, between that which must perish and that which will endure for ever; to admire and be thankful for the wondrous machinery whereby the will is instructed and its desires manifested and expressed, form a delightful occupation. But there are a large portion of the world's inhabitants in whose hearts this feeling can find no echo, in whom the equipoise is disturbed, whose faculties convey false impressions to the will, who are, in a word, insane. If there be a class of our suffering fel-

low beings with whom our sympathies should be the strongest, it should be with these. In the self-government of the world they are unrepresented, their voices cannot be heard; those who are therefore must be responsible for them. And yet it cannot be concealed, that until within the last few years their welfare has been utterly neglected; the treatment of the disease, from ignorance, mistaken; the treatment of the diseased themselves, not unfrequently from purpose, wicked. Happily, at the present day hopeless cases of insanity have become comparatively rare, and even where they exist, the unfortunates taste some small portion of happiness in their affliction.

By practically carrying out the principles of the treatise we have just noticed, and by examples adduced from the modern treatment of the insane, we see illustrated "the power of man over himself to prevent or control insanity." In every-day life we all know that however imminent a danger may be, yet, if warned of its approach, it may often be avoided; that however remote, if unseen, it may sooner or later overtake us. Insanity is a danger to which none of us are unexposed. In a thousand varied circumstances the danger lurks; each may form the little black cloud which may one day cause the storm. We need be thankful to him who points out the means whereby the coming darkness may be dissipated by light.

The first step taken by the author has been to classify insanity; the different phases which mental derangement assumes may then be understood, and the right mode of treatment administered. Let us take an instance where the patient must be his own physician:—"The brain may, by disuse, become so impaired in its capability as finally to be in the state of a limb never developed by exercise, which the will strives in vain to direct. When a man has reached mature age without making any effort to render the brain subservient to the rational will, the fatigue, and even pain, consequent on the endeavour to obtain the mastery over it is such, that few have resolution to undergo it voluntarily. Thus the man subsides more and more into the animal, and is at last guided only by those instinctive emotions which belong to the vital force merely."

The state thus described may soon assume the appearance of what it really is, insanity, from the inefficiency of the intellectual force. The remedy is to be found, as in the like case of a weakened limb, in the exercise of the enfeebled organ. But while inefficiency of the intellectual force is a prevalent source of insanity amongst the humbler ranks of society, its misdirection is a no less frequent cause of the disease amongst the higher classes. The exercise of self-control, together with a varied employment of the mental faculties, are the means by which the malady, when thus caused, may be arrested in its growth.

"Should my position (says our author), that the difference between sanity and insanity consists in the degree of self-control exercised, appear paradoxical to any one, let him note for a short time the thoughts that pass through his mind, and the feelings that agitate him; and he will find that, were they all expressed and indulged, they would be as wild, and perhaps as frightful in their consequences, as those of any madman. But the man of strong mind represses them, and seeks fresh impressions from without, if he finds that aid needful. The man of weak mind yields to them, and then is insane."

One other extract: "The cases of insanity, we are told, have nearly tripled within the last

twenty years! a fearful increase, even after allowing to the utmost for a larger population. Of these cases, it is calculated that less than three hundred in one thousand are the result of disease, or of unavoidable circumstances; thus leaving above seven hundred resulting from bodily excess or mental misgovernment. On the heads, then, of legislators, of teachers, of parents, lies the heavy charge of having, in all these instances, left those God-like faculties uncultivated, which, if duly used, might make earth the ante-room of heaven, and man the fit vice-regent of the Deity in this fair world. What man is generally, and what the world is in consequence, I need not detail. We all know and feel it. Would to heaven we all knew what man *can* be, and had felt what the world might be were he such!"

Fervently joining in this sentiment, we close these thoughtful little books.

The Book of Beauty. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London, Longman and Co.

As heretofore from the editorial hands of Beauty, this Annual makes its gay appearance, enshrining a charming collection of the female grace and loveliness of England. Were these fair creatures slaves, instead of being as they are enslavers, what an ultra-Circassian caravan they would be for any eastern merchant carrying his incomparable cargo to the market for grand seignors, sultans, pashas, and beys! Bismillah, Inshalla! what a fortune he would realise! On our heads be it, we would rather (as far as the profits were concerned) be that Mahometan trader in human hours, than a Rothschild, a Rundell, a Jemmy Wood, a Baring, a Jones-Lloyd, or any millionaire, dead or living; and (as far as the sex were cared for) rather be that oriental opium-smoker and sherbet-drinker, than Lumley, Bunn, Wallack (late), Petipa, Gladstones, or any other dramatic purveyor or director of ballets from her Majesty's Theatre to the East London, Surrey, or Saloon. Only look at the catalogue, but refrain from the danger of gazing on the forms and faces, and you will find Lady Clementina Villiers (as Undine), and Lady Elizabeth by Chalon; Viscountess Barrington, Lady C. Beauclerk, Lady Rivers, Miss Sandys, and Miss Hope Vere, by John Hayter; Lady C. Lyster, by Bostock; Mrs. S. Digby and Miss Craven, by W. Drummond; Viscountess Canning, by Sir W. Ross; and Lady A. Lennox, by F. Grant. Upon these portraits Charles Heath has, at least in some instances, bestowed, we think, more than his usual skill and care; and in the others the original artists seem to have had their peculiar talents and manners faithfully enough rendered by their engravers; though we cannot so well judge of prints bound up and in close juxtaposition with letter-press. Farther we have nothing to observe on the pictures; for in such a case it must be invidious to particularise and odious to compare; and therefore notwithstanding they are all so delightfully dressed, we leave the fascinating phalanx, especially the yet unmarried rank and file, to do their own execution on the eyes and hearts of the beholders. Thirty contributors unite in supplying illustrative and amusing text. Money and Love is a pleasant tale, by Abbott Lee; Æsop and Rhodope is one of Mr. S. Lander's most piquant classical conversations; the Widow of Cairnrough, a short but touching Irish tale by Mrs. S. C. Hall; the Gitana, by Mrs. Romer in her best style; Concilletta, a sad and descriptive piece of genuine English by Lord W. Lennox; a good notice on the Amazons by Sir G.

Wilkinson; a Railroad Adventure by Lady Blessington, a pretty prose anecdote; and the Harreem, by Mr. M. Milnes, a graceful poem; the Life of an Heiress by Miss Camilla Toulmin, an appropriate offering for the Book; and the Student-kneipe, a German tale, by the author of *Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse*, a worthy termination to the series we have enumerated:

From among the lines in honour of the Beauties exhibited, it is no easy matter to select specimens: and it would spoil the prose papers to detach them in parts, and we cannot find room for any entire. Lady Blessington, Lady E. Stuart Wortley, Miss Power, and Miss E. Power, have paid eloquent tributes to the endowments of several of the fair embellishments; but we prefer such compliments coming from masculine pens. Women's praise of women, though ever so exquisitely turned or warmly expressed, is nothing like the note of admiration from the other sex. It should be something of a rough, or bass, or, at least, a deep baritone voice, which bears homage to the shrine of feminine worship. Hymns soprano, however encomiastic, are not so acceptable to the divinity as one devout prayerful ejaculation from the breast (including the liver, lungs, and heart) of adoring Man. From those who have breathed their vows on this occasion, Mr. C. Howard, Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Charles Swain, and others, we choose two as most likely to interest the million. The first is by no less celebrated a person than Mr. Henry Hallam, who though the author of the *Middle Ages*, has here stepped from his pedestal to strike his lute to youthful enchantments. The lines are to Mrs. S. Digby:—

"Bright be thy path in beauty's gay career,
And fair the spring of life's just opening year.
Enjoy the hour, while youth and hope are warm—
While gleams with rainbow-hues thy fairy form;
And oh! may Time but shift the changeful scene
For sweeter cares and pleasures more serene.
And these enchanting moments leave behind
The tranquil bosom, and the cultured mind."

Our next is on the portrait of Miss Hope Vere, and by the gallant Capt. Johns:—

"As stands the warrior, self-possessed,
When draws the hour of conquest nigh,
So thou, in simple beauty dressed,
Dost wait its coming musingly."

A shade of thought is on thy brow;
Thine eye shines with a chastened light;
Yet may'st thou muse on victory now,
For beauty ever knows her might."

Go forth to conquer with thy smile—
Yet in thy triumph counsel take;
And, as thou smilest, think the while
"Thy will to heal the wounds we make."

The Keepsake. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London, Longman and Co.

AFTER the *Book of Beauty* we have taken up the *Keepsake*, in which, as all the world knows, the engravings are of a different character, though many of the writers are the same. Among the additional painters we have Catermole, Stephanoff, Redgrave, E. Corbould, Miss F. Corboux, L. David, and P. F. Poole; and among the contributors the Baroness de Calabrella, Messrs. Bernal (father and son), Barry Cornwall, C. Dickens, Captain Marryat, R. Westmacott, Lord Beaumont, Lord Gardner, Grantley Berkeley, Miss Garrow, Mrs. B. Wilson, Miss Grace Aguilar, and other aristocratic* or popular *litterati*. The same judicious superintendence has been displayed by Lady Blessington, and the same taste in composing a treat in Arts and Letters, deserving of the name and uses of a favourite "Keepsake." The

* There are no fewer than nine titled contributors, not to mention younger branches and M.P.'s.

frontispiece, Queen of the Belgians, by Sir W. Ross, bears a strong resemblance to our own royal family, and possesses an attribute, sometimes violated in the *Book of Beauty*, viz. that the head is in just proportion to the length of the person. The Anglers by David is a pretty bit of love-romance; and Redgrave's Daily Teacher, with a sketch by Mrs. Hall, a feeling converse to gaiety and happiness of any kind. The Gleaner by Poole is an innocent piece of childish nature; and the Banquet by Cattermole a gorgeous antique and chivalrous contrast. To this a tale of the fifteenth century, called Pierson the Wolf, has been invented by the Baroness de Calabrella, from which we copy a portion to illustrate the prose contributions. Among the tournaments of the period of Cœur de Lion, the heroine, Lady Mabel, is urged by her father and brother to marry the individual of their choice, though her heart and vows are given to another, Raoul de Courcy; and the narrative runs:—

"Ulric! my dear Ulric! what has happened?—What can there be in that paper to discompose you thus?" "What is there, Mabel!" returned he, as he threw it on the ground and stamped his foot on it—"what is there, say you? Alas! alas! there is that which will leave you without a friend, and make you the victim of our father's tyranny. There is," continued he, "an order for my instant departure. I am to set out for Normandy, and there wait the king's pleasure. My father's threat has not tarried in its execution," added he bitterly. Mabel saw how greatly her brother was moved, and though his words, 'I am to depart,' had struck terror to her heart, she endeavoured to recover herself, that she might speak comfort to the brother who had ever, till now, been her support under the troubles which had assailed them. 'It is ever sad for me to see you depart, dear Ulric,' she said; 'but do not aggravate the evil by such fearful thoughts. Let us hope your absence will not be of long duration; but should it, for reasons we may not inquire into, be prolonged, fear not for my safe being. I will not willingly offend my father, though he has never permitted me to love him; neither will I be forced into any measure at variance with my principles. You look incredulous, Ulric; but you know not how resolute I can be. Hitherto, your firmer mind has saved me from all self-dependence, and I have been but as the clinging ivy to the ruder oak; but on your return, you shall find that your little Mabel has at least endeavoured to stand alone.' 'God grant this courage may last!' said Ulric, as he embraced his beloved sister; 'for much I fear will it be required; and not only courage, but prudence also, to circumvent the use which will be made of certain influence at court. This order,' continued he, 'is sufficient proof how unworthily it can be exercised.' The Lady Mabel tried to smile through the tears which had gathered in her eyes, on thinking how long it might be ere she again felt her brother's encircling arm; and said, 'I am the child of one whose whole life was an example of Christian faith and resignation—I am the brave Ulric's sister—and the generous De Courcy's affianced wife—and must demean myself as such, instead of giving way to the weak terrors which might assail me, had I not these proud advantages.' As the brother and sister were yet conversing, the same messenger again appeared, and bowing low, said, 'Sir Ulric, the train awaits your presence to set out.' Ulric signified his intention to be with them immediately, and then, once more pressing his sister to his heart, he said, 'Mabel, this is no time

for idle form; I cannot entertain a doubt of De Courcy's honour, and if I am purposely detained from your side, I will do my best to seek him out, and bid him hasten to your relief. Rather place yourself in his hands than wed De Tracy; and now, my sister, may God protect, and our mother's spirit watch over thee! Ulric was gone, and the surrounding scene, where all had lately been so busy with hasty preparations for the sudden departure of Sir Ulric and his followers, had now become calm; and but for the challenge of the sentinels as they went their rounds would have been noiseless. The Lady Mabel's chamber was closed to all save her favourite waiting-woman, who had been the nurse of her more tender years, and on whose shoulder she now had sunk into one of those slumbers so often consequent on extreme exhaustion of mind or body. At first her sleep appeared broken and disturbed by frightful dreams; and her faithful attendant had gently placed her hands on hers to keep it in repose: but gradually her sleep became calm, and from her lips proceeded, in low murmurs, the names of 'Mother—Ulric—De Courcy,' the beings of her fondest recollection and attachment evidently present to her dreams. Alas! that visions so blessed should be but gleams—passing gleams in the existence of one so good, so gentle, as the Lady Mabel! that her first waking thought must of necessity recall all the misery and terror of her actual position! Gladly would her attendant have seen this sleep prolonged, but it was decreed that Mabel's sorrows should have but short relief; for her father's loud knock at the door awoke her suddenly, and with the sound of his voice came the remembrance of Ulric's absence, and her peril. Fain would she have retained her nurse near her, but Sir Otho's mandate, 'Leave us!' gave her no choice; and with a calmness which astonished her father, did she listen to, and reject his commands to prepare herself to become the baron's bride. Sir Otho de Monthermer knew enough of human nature to perceive that the Lady Mabel had taken her stand on too high ground to be turned from her declared resolution by railing or passion; and as he had before sought to win over his son by an appearance of confidence, he now endeavoured to make his honour the motive with his daughter. 'It is too late, Mabel, for such objections,' said he, 'my word as a man, my honour as a knight, are pledged to Conrad de Tracy, and cannot be withdrawn without a foul blot on both. Surely, it is not my daughter who would, from wilful perverseness, sully these high attributes.' 'Assuredly not from wilful perverseness, my father,' she replied, 'but from principles which you have just shewn me you know how to appreciate. Your promise of my hand to the Baron de Tracy could not be more solemnly given than my troth has been pledged to Raoul de Courcy; and, with all due deference, my father, do I speak it, your promise could be but conditional, as depending on the conduct of another, while mine rested for its ratification on myself alone.' Sir Otho could no longer restrain his choleric feelings; to be thus argued with—thus set at naught by a child—by one whom he had never regarded with interest until her beauty had made her sought by his puissant neighbour, and she had thus become, to his unfeeling and selfish heart, an object of barter for the recovery of his lands. There was a moment's pause when Mabel ceased speaking. Sir Otho's brow was bent on her in stern displeasure as he said, 'I have condescended too far;—remember, henceforth your father will hold no parley where

he has a right to command. Your brother has already proved my power; and nought is left you but obedience.' The Lady Mabel folded her hands on her bosom, and remained silent; while Sir Otho, more and more enraged by her self-command, when he had expected prayers and tears, left the apartment."

We will not anticipate the *dénouement* of this graceful sketching, which so intimately reflects human nature without probing and pursuing it into prolix details. Stephanoff's *Surprise* is a merry scene, and ably engraved by Heath, jun.; and the remaining pieces are various and interesting. An *Adventure in Persia* by Mr. Stuart Savile, and *Verses on the Affghan War* by Barry Cornwall, reflect orient rays from entertaining prose and spirited poetical composition; and Mr. Bernal, sen., has buckled on his armour fairly in a tale of troubled times—the principal in and the title of which is *Anthony Forster*. We conclude with Barry Cornwall's affecting and stirring *Lines on the Khyber Pass*:

"Out in the savage mountains,
Down in the Khyber pass,
Women and men, and babes at breast,
Are mown down like the grass:
From the dawn until the night,
From the night until the dawn,
Nothing is heard but death, and curses
From the wild Affghân.

They toil through the swampy rivers,
They struggle amidst the snow,
But wherever they turn a bullet rings,
And a brave man lieth low.
In vain the captain cheereth;
The soldier he fights in vain;
By one and one a thousand hearts
Pour out the red red rain.

Oh! many will mourn in India
The close of this deadly day:
Even now there was dread and trembling hearts
From Delhi to proud Bombay.
The wife, in her lonely fortress,
Keeps watch for the distant drum;
And the far-off mother is looking out
For her boy, who will never come!

Yet sound, ye brazen trumpets!
For through that dark despair
A glory shines, like the lightning
When it runs through the stormy air.
There are spirits whom nought can conquer;
And foremost of all is one,
A woman, as brave as the bravest of men,
Though she buries her bleeding son.

She cheereth her husband absent;
She writeth him, 'Never yield!
But be of good heart; for England
Shall win in a future field.'
All fame to the peerless heroine
Wherever our tongue prevail!
All honour surround (like a laurel crown)
The noble name of 'Sale!'

The American in Paris during the Summer; or, the Picturesque Annual for 1844; being a Picture of Parisian Life, and a Graphic Description of the Field-Sports, &c. By Jules Janin. With 18 Engravings, from designs by Eugene Lami. London, Longman and Co.

THIS annual, the second of its kind, and apparently completing a series, though other future divisions are obvious enough, differs entirely from all the others we have yet been called upon to notice. It is, to be sure, embellished by the pencil of E. Lami, but it depends more firmly on the writing of Jules Janin for its popularity. And especially so this year; for, notwithstanding the merits of the engravings, the majority of them are too crowded to be very distinctly characteristic, and there is not that diversity of subject which could be wished for the sake of national variety in costume, pleasure, or occupation. Grand Fête at Versailles, Opera, Franco's, Louvre, Fête of July, &c., are all too nearly of the same description; and a similar remark applies to meeting of the hounds, Chantilly races, and

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steep-chase, and another group or two, which complete the set. In themselves, the scenes are all cleverly represented.

The text conveys a more extended picture not only of the present, but of the past. Its matter is various, and its descriptions striking. It is not the mere temporary annual, like an almanac, done with and useless on the 31st of December, but a real lasting view of men, manners, and circumstances, which may be referred to with pleasure in after times; for the subjects introduced are not without permanent value, and the satirical dash in the style, which now and then brightens them, gives a tone to the whole which adds to the relish.

According to Jules Janin, Paris is the epitome of France, and summer the season for genuine Paris. Spend, therefore, a summer in Paris, and you obtain a competent knowledge of France. Q.E.D.

In throwing a retrospect over bygone days, the first passage that attracts us is of a literary nature—a brief comparison of two famous authors:—

"Molière and Voltaire, the author of the *Tartuffe*, and the author of the *Essai sur les Mœurs*; the one, the best, the most devoted, and the most simple of men; the other, the most bitter, the most licentious, and the most treacherous of wits. The former, simple in his life, a kind, benevolent man, seeking the vices of his fellows only to correct them by ridicule; the latter, brutal, malicious, sarcastic, and exulting whenever he could throw in the face of the human species, all the sting of his mind, all the venom of his heart. The first, who employs the foolish or serious, but comparatively innocent, scenes of comedy; the second, who knows only of violence, wounds, bites, and stabs, and who would be very sorry if he corrected the smallest vice, without substituting in its place some hideous monstrosity. Molière, always serious, even in his most foolish scenes; Voltaire, always a clown, a cruel, pitiless clown, even in the boldest ferocities. Molière who pardons, Voltaire who is merciless! Molière who dares to attack religious hypocrisy, the most shameful and dreadful of hypocrisies; Voltaire the cowardly and insolent poet, who knows nothing better than to cover with mud and dirt, in a poem full of license, scandal, and blasphemy, the young girl who defended and saved France, the Maid of Orleans."

An amusing piece of irony on the class of Picturesque Writers ought to be quoted at length, but we are restricted by want of room for that and other desirable illustrations, and so can only copy a trait or two. The picturesque ancient Paris, which M. Hugo and the architects in his suite would fain rebuild, is thus quizzed as a "Paris of mud and darkness, of the pillory, and the Cour des Miracles, the Paris of gipseys, and thieves, and galleys. Let people murder, and cut one another's throats; let the king on one side, and the people on the other, abandon themselves to every kind of violence, this is what suits the taste of this wild poet; murders, blows, mud, drunken soldiers, priests enervated by luxury; all these disgraceful things, and in the midst of the most menacing frenzy, the river which carries lank living corpses in a sack; in a word, *La justice du roi qui passe*, this is the true sight, the real Paris. The rest is void of interest, the rest belongs to the citizen, to the National Guard, to the Chamber of Deputies, to the prefect of police, to the manufacturers of asphalt and bitumen pavements. Fye! The lighted gas, which robs the night of its profound darkness—can you think of it? The brilliant shops filled with valuables, protected only by a

slight glass which a mere nothing would break—can you think of it? Where is the beautiful, where is the picturesque, where is the wonderful in all this? Let us cover our heads and submit,—the good King Louis XI. is dead!"—"Most certainly, a powerful imagination was necessary, not only to invoke the ancient Paris of king Philip-Augustus, and of king Louis XI., in all its ugliness, but still more to render supportable, to an attentive look, this darkness piled upon barbarism. And what a mind was necessary, to declare that the Paris of Charles X. and of Louis-Philippe was only the ill-shaped and discoloured shadow of the Paris of former days! Fye! if you will believe the king of the picturesque, the city of the Parisians is now only plaster; they change their houses just as they change their old clothes, and put on new. If by chance they determine to raise some monument, which is not to be an edifice of plaster or wood, look seriously at this monument when once it is built, and see if you can find any thing more ridiculous. The Pantheon is a cake from Savoy; the palace of the Légion d'Honneur a palace of pastry; the Halle aux Bleds, a cap, and, better still, the cap of an English jockey! What are these two large clarinets, surmounted by a crooked stick of menacing size? They are the towers of Saint Sulpice, and their top the telegraph. To what architecture does the Bourse belong? is it Roman, or is it Grecian? Really, those people are very obliging who pronounce it a fine building. As for the best streets in Paris, where the inhabitant of the city walks so peaceably and so proudly, the Parisian has never been more absurdly foolish than in admiring these vast openings, filled with air, motion, space, and sun. For instance, can you imagine any thing more tiresome than the Rue de Rivoli, where you may walk without wetting your feet, where you are sheltered from the rain in winter and the dust in summer, where the most splendid shops vie with each other in offering you the treasures of the world, where the garden of the Tuileries displays its most smiling appearance, whilst at your right, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile rises in all its majesty? But what is the use of interfering with the fancies of poets? The historical paradox has never had more intrepid defenders. Innocent and courageous men! if you press them closely, they will maintain, (always aiming at the picturesque) that it is a great pity that men are no longer broken on the wheel on the Place de Greve, or hanged at Montfaucon; and that the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, now so silent, and in such good order, no longer tolls, from time to time, the funeral knell of Saint Bartholomew!"—"Do you speak of the picturesque? The eighteenth century was the age for the picturesque. There was then, under the roof of every house, a hole, burning in summer, freezing in winter; and in this hole usually lived the poet, the politician, the utopian dreamer, the philosopher, the artist—those mendicants of arts and science. But since then, these mendicants have come down to the first floor, where they think themselves much more suitably accommodated. The picturesque has lost in this, but equality has gained. The garret is never pleasant nor beautiful, except at the age of twenty; at that age it does not interfere with the slight attachments, the poetical fancies, the inspiration which animates and even colours misery; twenty years later, the garret makes the noblest hearts bad; the most benevolent, malicious; believers, sceptical; the loving, indifferent; the bravest, cowardly; the boldest, timid. There are no garrets in the modern

houses; this is good legislation and good morality; only, instead of the garret, they build pretty and very inhabitable mansards. The mansard is a first floor, placed under the roof; with the same luxury, the same riches, the same ornaments. What a vast and immense city is this Paris, filled, agitated, sceptical, and furious! 'I would burn it,' said Peter the Great, 'if I were king of France.' Admirable and prophetic words, when it was written, that sooner or later this immense head would involve the fall of the great body!"

The contrasts are humorously carried out; but we nowhere recognise an equal historical and popular interest to the glance backwards upon the Sorbonne, every word of which we recommend to the attention of readers. One of its principal features, however, relates to only nineteen years ago, 1825, when Guizot, Villemain, and Cousin were simply *littérateurs*, and delivered lectures in this old and memorable building. "And now" (says our author, after a spirited sketch from elder times) "what has become of the pupils of the three celebrated professors of the Sorbonne? and what has become of the professors themselves, M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin? The pupils have amused themselves in bringing about a revolution, that they might immediately afterwards settle down again as good citizens and good national guards, like their fathers: the professors were first made deputies, and finding themselves deputies, each of them hoped at last to become a great orator. Most certainly this was an attempt in which M. Guizot did not fail. He has proved himself as eloquent a politician as a man of his stature could be, and ought to be, in the most difficult circumstances. All the hopes to which he had given rise in the historian's pulpit, M. Guizot fulfilled in the French tribune; he has governed by his speech, he has preserved the peace which M. Thiers did not desire! M. Villemain was rather slower than M. Guizot in becoming a political speaker; he hesitated long; he was like an exquisite singer who cannot catch the tune of a new piece of the new opera. At last, however, M. Villemain recovered his rapture, his brilliancy, his enthusiasm, his irony; it was the Chamber of Peers which performed this wonder. As for M. Cousin, once out of the pulpit, he pronounced, with difficulty, some confused words, to which men listened on account of his past eloquence. But, to return; how well has M. Guizot proved that he was in fact born for the serious struggles of politics! How suddenly he took upon him the positive tone of a member! and, indeed, what talent and what courage were necessary for the professor of the Sorbonne to oppose, as he did, M. Thiers, who had but just arrived in the arena, who had sworn obedience to no royalty; a clever plebeian, sprung from the fruitful republican dust which Caius Gracchus hurled as he died. Such was the Sorbonne in 1825; it was powerful, honoured, respected—dreaded for its words, dreaded for its silence. It was proud of these three men, who spoke so wonderfully in its newly revived pulpits; whilst at the top of the edifice, under its burning or frozen roof, in its disordered library, it had M. Laromiguière, whose pleasant irony was more expressive than the longest discourses. Thus were frustrated the most confident hopes of the Restoration, thus were baffled its most natural plans. It had said, that it would raise altar against altar; that it would oppose the Sorbonne to the College of France; that within the enclosure of philosophy and literature, if the College of France represented

the left side, the Sorbonne should represent the right . . . Alas! the left side was found everywhere by the expiring monarchy. '*Omnia pontus erat*,' as Ovid says, speaking of chaos."

Of Cousin it is elsewhere whimsically told:—"The great secret of M. Cousin consisted in this; he found it much easier and much more convenient to address himself to the passions of his hearers than to their intelligence and good sense. By a stratagem which is very old, and which will yet always be new, when the enthusiasm of his class languished, like a true statesman, he called to his aid, and made to vibrate, those great, immortal, and inexhaustible names of liberty, country, national independence. When his pupils were tired of the Sorbonne, he led them to the borders of the Rhine, and thence shewed them the royal limits which France has lost, not forgetting to tell them at each lesson, that there he had been a captive, which placed him on a false equality with General Lafayette, who had been a prisoner at Olmutz. In this way the success of M. Cousin, equal to that of his two brothers, M. Guizot and M. Villemain, was, if not less loyal, at least more easy to merit, to obtain, to preserve. In the present day M. Cousin has opened that fatal road of political flatteries in which more than one honest man in the Sorbonne has gone astray. Strange! here is a writer who speaks, an historian who teaches, a philosopher who disputes: the writer is self-possessed, and entirely under his own control; the historian governs his audience without granting them any thing: of the three men one only is carried away—it is the philosopher, and this very impetuosity forms his whole power. If you ask me by what course of reasoning M. Cousin proved that the French were not defeated at Waterloo, I cannot very well tell you. I understood that it was in some such way as this. When two armies fight in a plain, it is not men who come to blows but ideas. But in the battle of Waterloo the French idea remained erect, surrounded by the dying and the dead; *ergo*, the French were not defeated at Waterloo. A little stratagem, you will say, and a pardonable one, if eloquent. But then it was so easy to answer, that at Waterloo it was the imperial idea which was at stake, and that, therefore, the French were defeated at Waterloo! After which M. Cousin might have been told that he put a chorus to his philosophy, as Beranger did to his songs, for that this pretended victory had been shewn, before he even thought of it, by Gonthier at the Gymnase, and by Vernet at the Variétés, in the *Soldat laboureur*."

Of the French sporting-affairs—hunting, racing, and steeple-chasing—we shall say nothing; for they never seem to us to understand the real thing, or to go about it in a bang-up way: Italian greyhounds coursing mice on billiard-tables, and sweepstakes among maggots from filberts or cheese, are proportionately analogous to the true pursuits; but let us hope that boots, leathers, and fashionable togery, may by and by cease to be the main considerations, and that a few steeple-chase broken necks may prove that the amusement is *bona fide*, and not a fanciful exhibition to prettily dressed ladies in barouches and cabriolets.

An extraordinary character of an aged and miserly courtesan, Euphrosine Thevenin, is rather lugged in; but in itself remarkable. She was ninety-two, and possessed and destroyed an amazing quantity of most precious productions of art, &c. she had accumulated during the revolutionary dispersion. There is also a curious review of a work of Mercier, a *Dream*, in which

he anticipates what Paris would be in 672 years, from 1768 and extending to 2440, but most of which imaginings were far outstripped by the actual changes of half a century. We cannot resist a specimen:—

"In the city of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty* people went to bed early that they might rise early: it was as much a point of honour to be in good health as to be an honest man. A beautiful dream, as yet unfulfilled, while it appears the easiest of all to bring about; but to make up for this, Mercier imagined improvements which have been accomplished—the telegraph, the science of languages, the cultivating of waste lands, the equality of men. He required also that the state should contract no more debts; that the right of mortmain should be suppressed in all the demesnes of France; that inoculation should be established—here the reality has surpassed the dream, vaccination has been introduced. Farther still, he arranged, according to his own fancy, the Ottoman empire, and the empire of Germany. He gave to France, Egypt and Greece; to England, Portugal; and to Russia, Constantinople. He imagined that the French wines became the beverage of all the nations of Europe; but then they were the pure, unadulterated juice of the grape. In this way he proceeds in his dreams: he will have no more pensions from the state—each must gain his own livelihood, and be prudent on his own account. He goes so far as to predict to France the future possession of Africa; and finally, he maintains that one day, which, in fact, was not very distant, you would be able to walk under the waters of the sea: in a word, he is a delightful and ingenious dreamer. I own, for my part, that I have read very few books which interested me as much as this history of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty*. The author of this strange dream, so strangely accomplished, dreamed again—and this time the thing appeared impossible—that, when he was dead, his corpse would not be thrown to the worms. He said the day would come when the bodies of those we have loved, preserving their natural form, would be saved from the last outrages of the tomb, and, above all, from the insults of the embalmer. 'No, no,' said he, 'the surgeon will no longer be seen plunging his knife into the mortal remains of so many great men who have saved, enlightened, and ennobled the French nation! Better than that, France will be able to contemplate them after death such as they were during life. Here, the old father will say to his son, here is the great captain who gained that fierce battle I was describing to you yesterday! Here is the poet who wrote the beautiful verses you repeated to me the other day! So that, thanks to this preservation of the body, we shall really have a more complete and more ornamented pantheon than the Roman Pantheon!' Well, even this dream of Mercier's is accomplished a hundred fold! Among the inhabitants of Paris, perhaps there is not one, ill or well, who suddenly, and without understanding its meaning, has not received among his visiting-cards a small piece of badly printed pasteboard, on which is read this simple name, Gannal! This funeral card appears to you among the pieces of white vellum which are loaded with names that you love. Gannal! You rest your head upon your two hands, and say to yourself, Gannal who? Gannal what? Bah! say you; the porter has made a mistake; it is a card for my neighbour. No, no; the porter of your house is not mistaken; it is a card for yourself; it is a warning of death, and that concerns yourself as much as

your neighbour: death threatens us all. Formerly the Egyptians paraded the corpses of their fathers amidst their banquets, in order to excite themselves to joy and pleasures. The Parisians are no less philosophers than the great lords of Egypt; they preserve with care, and as if they feared to be unable to find it again when it was needed, the card of this Gannal. For he is the friend predicted so long beforehand by Mercier; he knows immediately those who claim oak-coffins, sepulchral-stones, and graves to themselves. He has found an infallible means of giving to all the deceased who apply to him the immortality of death; and, that he may be remembered in proper time and place, he sends you occasionally his funeral note, Gannal! Gannal! Gannal! How far this man has a right to throw this thought of death amidst the delights and pleasures of a whole city cannot be explained even by the liberty of the press; but still he makes of each day of the Parisian life a sort of Ash-Wednesday, and no one escapes this unexpected peroration of all the joys of this world. The man is pitiless; incognito, and without crying Beware! he throws his ominous threat at the richest and most powerful, at the youngest and most beautiful; he does not wish to die himself, until he has in his own way embalmed the whole present generation. He is not malicious, and yet he prowls about your life, as the hyena prowls about the cemetery. When he sees you, he says to himself, What a beautiful corpse! The other day his friend died; instead of stopping to weep for him, he began to embalm him with marvellous care; and when he saw him quietly laid in the coffin, a smile upon his lips, and the carnation on his cheek, he leaped for joy, as if he had found his friend again. The truth is, he has so much faith in his art, that with him to live is to have in one's veins a good dose of essence of cinnamon, and therefore he did not spare it to his friend. This man, who is a great chemist, has, in fact, found an excellent method of giving to the human body an immense durability; and as in this age every thing must be done in a hurry, and for very little money, the first difficulty of this problem was, to work quickly and cheaply. Now it is impossible to use more despatch, or at less cost; Gannal opens the carotid artery, and through this artery injects the whole body with different essences. Thus the mummy is made, an eternal, unattackable mummy, and which so resembles a living body that it might be mistaken for one. Only, even in presence of the mummy, and in the depth of the tomb, you will find the inequality of conditions. Gannal has essences for all fortunes and for all corpses. The essence of cinnamon is the dearest, your body will then be worth nearly a hundred crowns. The essence of turpentine is the most common, three or four louis will then conclude the thing. What a misfortune for this poor Mercier!—that he could take no part in all these changes which have surpassed his hopes. He died without having heard of the economical cooking stove, the camp-chair, steamboats, or railroads; he died without having pressed with a triumphant foot the bitumen of Seyssel or of Polonceau, and the wood-pavement; he died without having his last days enlightened by the brilliant gas, or the *bougie de l'Etoile*, without having been able to read the *Mémoires de la Contemporaine* or the *Mémoires de Vidocq*, without having been present at a representation of the *Tour de Nesle* or the *Saltimbanques*; he died—unhappy man! before M. Gannal could embalm him with spirits of turpentine; when as yet M. Daguerre was far

from discovering the daguerreotype; when the Ruolz process was unknown; when they were still seeking in this vast kingdom of France the great art of making coffee from chicory, sugar from beet-root, paper from the beech-tree, and tea from the leaves of roses; he died—O sorrow! even before the first stone was laid of the palace on the *quai d'Orsay*."

The eastern Apologue, where the sage shews the sultan that his abode is not a palace but a caravanserai, is yet as aptly, and to us more effectively, painted in the following sequel on ministerial residences—the Downing Street of Paris:—

"At length, (continues Mons. Janin,) after the Parisians had so long forgotten it, as they forget all the monuments which they see commenced, the palace of the *quai d'Orsay*, released from the ignoble palisading which has surrounded it for thirty years, displays to the astonished beholders its white walls, and its windows filled with glass. Of this monument, which has so often changed its destination, M. Thiers, who never questions any thing—and this is precisely why he is M. Thiers—said to himself one day, when he was minister of the interior, that he would arrange this palace for his own use; and, in fact, he had already fitted up the apartments of the minister in the way which appeared to him most suitable for such a functionary,—paintings, statues, bas-reliefs, gilded ceilings,—nothing was wanted. Once installed in this magnificence, the young minister would soon have proved that the government of such a country as France would admirably suit the richest house in Paris. But after all, in doing this, M. Thiers had thought more of future ministers than of himself. But the time for long administrations is passed for France; as is also passed the time for ministers sufficiently disinterested to lay the first stone of a mansion destined for the successors of their successors. On the contrary, all these transitory, passing agents of a revolution, so long as they feel their precarious position, will easily content themselves with the large furnished houses in the Rue de Grenelle, where they tread the old, well-worn carpets of the emperor's ministers, and will not even take the trouble to make any alterations in them. It sometimes happens that, for the sake of not being crushed beneath their ruins, they have these crumbling houses repaired; but if they do add saloons or staircases, they carefully preserve the old furniture: there are the same arm-chairs, formerly gilded—the same paintings, representing the Greeks and Romans of the time of M. David. They sleep in the same beds and the same sheets,—and witnesses of many a sleepless hour. Bad furniture, ill-closed windows, smoky chimneys, clocks which gain time—too faithful emblems of ambition—improper servants, in these common antechambers, who smile with pity as they count upon their fingers the number of their masters, and think that the new minister is a hundred times less certain of his post than the usher who is at his command. What shall I tell you? cellars badly supplied with wine bought the day before; saloons without intimacy: a study filled with chagrin and perplexing cares; a lobby inundated with newspapers, and consequently filled with insults; an old worm-eaten carriage; broken-backed, broken-winded horses, who know by heart the way to the Tuileries; a dirty, ill-clad coachman; nothing of home, nothing of family enjoyment, nothing which resembles every-day comfort;—this is what is called the hotel of a minister! Let us continue our route, and take pity on the

sad inhabitants of these paltry lodgings, through which have passed so many men of rare talent and prudence—poor creatures, envied, insulted, calumniated in these ruined houses, which are open to every affront, and to all the winds of the south and the north!"

Franconi's green-room offers a nice satirical dramatic sketch:—

"This green-room is large, airy, well inhabited; you may enter, without the slightest notice being taken of your presence; not a salutation, not a smile or a look, will you receive, even from the young leader: these worthy performers are wholly absorbed in their appointed parts; when their turn comes to appear upon the stage, they go there naturally, without exclamation, without gesture, without even looking at themselves in the glass: their task accomplished, they return to the green-room, not in the least elated by the applause lavished upon them by the crowd. They never paid the most insignificant clapper to enhance their merits to the injury of their rivals; they never insulted or calumniated each other for a part which they thought particularly suited themselves. Never did you see, in this model for green-rooms, the coquette displaying her jewels, the tyrant in the act of having his white hair painted black, the arguer tottering upon his legs; they are all sober, grave, and serious; they are contented with their daily food for salary; they do not have a single dispute with the wardrobe-keeper for a piece of cloth or velvet; they obey the manager as a faithful servant would obey his master. The excellent green-room! there you can neither smell musk, nor patchouli, nor eau de Cologne, nor dried rose-leaves; there you can neither see false tufts, nor powder, nor rouge, nor ceruse, nor patches, nor false teeth, nor false calves; there all is real, old age and youth, beauty and ugliness, strength and grace, intelligence and passion. The excellent green-room! And yet people are so obstinate as to call it a stable!"

And with this we finish; for after all the newspapers have published, we care not to meddle with the closing chapter of Queen Victoria at the Chateau d'Eu.

The London Physiological Journal; or, Monthly Record of Observations on Animal and Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology, chiefly made by the aid of the Microscope. Edited by S. J. Goodfellow, M.D.; and Edwin J. Quekett, F.L.S., &c. No. 1. London, Van Voorst.

THE objects of this new periodical are made sufficiently distinct by the title-page, which we have given at length. The opening essay on the application of the microscope to scientific purposes is ably and clearly written; and, as might have been anticipated, Owen's researches in microscopic paleontology, Ehrenberg on the natural history of infusoria, and those of Kiernan, Heule, Schwann, Gruby, and others, in the minute anatomy of organs, are triumphantly referred to as examples of what the microscope has done in advancing the interests of science. Mr. Bowerbank's and Dr. Carpenter's researches on the organisation of the shells of molluscous animals, and Messrs. Reade and Warrington's study of minute crystallisation, are also ably referred to as adjuvant examples. The description of the *Paludicella articulata*, a new British zoophyte discovered by Mr. Thompson at Loch Erne, by Dr. Allman, who has since found it abundantly in the Grand Canal of Dublin, is introduced in this first number, accompanied by a good illustrative plate. The description,

however, applies more particularly to the muscular system of the animal, which caused some discussion at the late meeting of the British Association. Mr. Addison communicates also a valuable paper on the theory of nutrition, secretion, and inflammation. It appears that Liebig, in a communication made to the Academy of Sciences, had, from a discovery made of globules in albumen, asserted its identity with fibrine; but Andral and Gavarnet, having repeated the experiments, found that these said globules were in reality rudiments of a plant. The discovery made by Messrs. Gruby and De-la-fond, of entozoa circulating in the blood of a dog, is not, we believe, the first instance of such having been detected in the blood of a living mammal, Dr. Bushnan of Dumfries having some years back published an account of such met with in the blood of man. For the curious it may also be mentioned, that the microscopic researches of Mr. Mauld shew that the mucous deposits of the teeth and tongue are full of living animalcules, moving about in a very lively manner. The *tartar* of the teeth is composed of the skeletons of the same creatures, proving that so small a living being is furnished with a calcareous skeleton or shell; and the union of many millions compose the crust on the teeth. There is something not at all pleasant or agreeable in such information, and therefore, as we have read it, we give it out of spite to others. It will no longer be a compliment to talk of coral lips or coral teeth, but a sad truism. As might naturally be expected, it appears that the disease of the hair known by the name of *plica polonica*, and happily not met with in this country, is shewn, by microscopic research, to be caused by the presence of a minute fungus, so diffused that the head becomes a mass of corrupt vegetation. The microscope, however, while it unfolds these unpleasant and Gulliverian kind of facts, it must be remembered presents us at the same time with the best data to go upon for their relief and cure; and the facts which it unfolds that are painful to humanity are more than counterpoised by the beauties which it displays in minute structure, and the wealth it contributes to progressive discovery. We shall, therefore, gladly watch the progress of this new and interesting, as well as instructive, periodical.

The Phrenological Library. Part I. Gall on the Functions of the Brain. Pp. 48. London, G. Berger.

THE editors have done well in commencing this new phrenological library with the classical and, in its original form, very expensive work of Dr. Gall. We observe that it is to embrace also the labours of Spurzheim, Broussais, Vi-mont, Hoppe, Caldwell, &c.; some of which have from their price never yet been in general circulation. We hope such works will be properly illustrated by woodcuts, as in other respects the form and execution are sufficiently good, and the price moderate enough to deserve an extensive demand.

The Pharmaceutical Journal and Transactions. Nos. 26, 27, and 28. London, J. Churchill.

THIS journal continues to sustain its high character for the diffusion of pharmaceutical intelligence. The forbidden sale of spirits of wine, and the manufacture of rice-starch, are among the questions which have lately most interested the trade; but the journal contains besides these so great a variety of scientific and practical intelligence, that it must be indispensable to the chemist and druggist.

The Oculist's Vade-mecum. A complete practical System of Ophthalmic Surgery. With numerous Woodcuts and coloured Engravings of the Diseases and Operations on the Eye. By John Walker, Surgeon to the Manchester Eye Infirmary, &c. Pp. 400. London, Longman and Co.; Manchester, Simms and Dinham. This long title-page describes a work of extensive practical utility, which the young practitioner may study with advantage, as the experience of the writer has tested many of the dicta of the great English and foreign authorities on the science applicable to the cure of diseases of the eye. We miss the application of hydrocyanic acid, upon which we should have liked to see Mr. Walker's opinion.

Lord Dacre of Gilsland. A Novel. By Elizabeth M. Stewart. 3 vols. London, T. C. Newby. This is a stirring historical romance, wherein the rival queens, Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland, with their respective adherents, and the opposed religions (including politics) of Rome and the Reformation, are brought forward, in conjunction with fictitious characters chiefly belonging to the city of London. The adventures by day and night, on land and water, are about as thick as hailstones, so that the story never flags. The manners of the time are touched with vigour; and the descriptions of costume, furniture, and other still-life, are yet more distinguished for accuracy. On the grand questions of history the author is strenuously papistical, and draws the good Queen Bess as a very vile woman, a cruel queen, and a rank heretic. On the other side, Mary, Lord Dacre, and the city maiden beauties, are all *comme il faut*. In this, therefore, there is somewhat of distortion. And another blemish is a certain want of naturalness in speech and action. The portrait-gallery is exactly like what we see in ancient family houses, where the male figures so gaunt and the females so stiff seem as if they had never been intended to speak and act like those of later times, and hardly, if at all, like human beings.

But still, with these defects, we can truly state, that there is much talent in *Lord Dacre of Gilsland*; and that readers will find it a fair pastime to peruse the work. Indeed, we consider it altogether to be superior to many productions of the same genus, after Scott, which have been popular in their day; and in justice, therefore, we cannot but hope that this exercise of a female pen will meet with equal success and encouragement.

The Sandwich Islands. Progress of Events since their Discovery by Captain Cook, &c., their Value and Importance. By A. Simpson, Esq., late acting as her Majesty's Consul. 8vo, pp. 128. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

A VERY straight-forward and good historical account of the Sandwich Islands, from their discovery to the present hour; and the best that can be consulted by those who desire now, or may desire hereafter, information on the subject. But, this very week, news has been received that they have been given up to the native government, and therefore the proceedings of England, America, and France, are only records of the past. Yet as they develop views which may hereafter come into operation, the work is still possessed of sufficient political and mercantile interest. Mr. Simpson points out the importance of this group of islands; ascribes the French interference to the religious piety of the queen, acted upon nationally by the king; and states, that the population has been reduced from 400,000 to little more than 100,000,

—a sad proof of the evils and desolation which have never failed to mark the access of European civilisation and Christianity to the confines of simple savage or barbarous nations!!!

Foreign Library. History of the Eighteenth Century. By F. Schlosser. Translated by D. Davison, M.A. Part II. London, Chapman and Hall; Edinburgh, Menzies.

THE German portions of this part will be read with more of instruction and contentment than the French division. The former develops the great literary change which commenced about a century ago: the latter, especially in its views of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, and their compatriots, is far more apologetic than the friends of religion could approve.

The Post Magazine and Almanack, 1844. London, Pateman.

A VERY ample index to almost every sort of intelligence of use in almanacs, and at a price the most moderate.

The Power of Association: a Poem, in Three Parts. By the Rev. J. T. Campbell, M.A. 8vo, pp. 131. London, Saunders and Otley.

THE rector of Tilston possesses a great deal of good feeling and the human milk which is praised as being of a kindly quality; but high poetry belongs to another strain; and friendly, and family, and amiable affections have hardly enough of general interest in them to bear the experiment of publication. We say no more.

Taxidermy; or, the Art of collecting, preparing, and mounting Objects of Natural History. By Mrs. R. Lee. Pp. 244. London, Longman and Co.

A SIXTH edition of one of the most practically and readily useful works that can be consulted for the preservation of natural history, from the insect to the elephant. With her first husband, the enterprising traveller Bowdich, the author served an active and instructive apprenticeship; and she has communicated her knowledge in a manner to guide the most unskilful.

Fidelity; or, a Town to be let unfurnished. A Poem, in Six Books. By George Hatton. Pp. 241. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Manchester, Love and Barton.

FIDELITY is a commendable virtue; but we cannot with fidelity say that *Fidelity* is a commendable poem. The writer has thought and thought, but he is no poet. *Ex. gr.:*

"How strange it is that man, endow'd with sense,
Should commit deeds which admit of no defence!"

We could quote much worse composition; but a couplet is enough, when we have not a like quantity to redeem it.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

Nov. 13.—Mr. Grove commenced a course of lectures "On the correlation of physical forces." Mr. Grove regards what have been usually called the imponderable fluids as different modes of force; and the object of this course of lectures is, to shew how motion, heat, light, chemical affinity, electricity, and magnetism, are all convertible; in other words, how any one of these being given as the initial force, is able to educe the others. In the present lecture—on motion—after going through some of the principal mechanical laws, the relation of motion to matter, space, and time, Mr. Grove argued that force, like matter, is incapable of annihilation by man; that a body moving communicates its motion to surrounding bodies, these to others, and so on *ad infinitum*, the original force being continually subdivided, but

never destroyed; that in the case of apparent stoppage of motion—such as percussion, friction, &c.—heat is produced in proportion as the motion is stopped: thus one revolving wheel, if it communicate motion to another by making it revolve, produces little or no heat; but stop the latter, and thus cause it to arrest the motion of the former, and both become heated. Without asserting that heat is motion,—which view he was rather inclined to adopt,—it was thus evident that, as the one force yielded, the other reciprocally gained ground. The friction or mutual stoppage of motion of any dissimilar bodies produces electricity, frequently in addition to heat; but generally the cases in which the greatest degree of electricity is produced from friction are those in which the least degree of heat is developed. The electricity and heat thus developed could be reconverted into motion; but in no case could the motion thus reproduced ever exceed, or practically ever equal, the amount of the initial motion. The same line of reasoning and experiment was then applied to electricity and magnetism—the simple motion of any body, especially metals, rendering them magnetic. In the following lectures, the other forces, or modes of force, are, each in its turn, to be taken as the starting-point; and it is to be shewn how these respectively educe each other.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 13.—Mr. R. J. Murchison in the chair. The secretary having announced the departure of several travellers for different parts of the world, and read various letters received during the recess from correspondents abroad, the donations were announced; among which may be especially noticed the beautiful *National Atlas*, published by Mr. A. K. Johnston of Edinburgh, geographer to the Queen, which work is dedicated, by permission, to the society. Also a handsome pair of globes, constructed and presented by Mr. Malby. Several interesting papers had been received, which will be read at subsequent meetings. These preliminaries terminated, Dr. Beke, lately returned from Abyssinia, detailed to the meeting some of his routes in that little-known country, and explained the manners and customs of the natives, the general features of the country, its climate and productions, &c. An abstract of Dr. Beke's account will appear in our next: meanwhile, we insert *in toto* the speech of the president, which concluded the business of the evening.

After the conclusion of Dr. Beke's communication, the president, Mr. Murchison, in occupying the chair for the first time since his election, expressed his thanks for the high honour conferred upon him during his absence in Poland, and apologised for his imperfect qualifications to perform the duties of the office. In advertising to the impulse which the society had given to the advancement of geography, Mr. Murchison said that geographers abroad might well be surprised that, with so many distinguished voyagers, hydrographers, naturalists, and travellers among them, the geographers of Britain had placed at their head one who, like himself, had no claim to their suffrages excepting those of a hardworking geologist and a zealous advocate for the prosperity of the Royal Geographical Society. Being, however, so honoured, he might be allowed to say, that he had a profound respect for those adventurous men who vanquished the difficulties at the threshold of all natural researches, and thus shewed themselves to be worthy of belonging to our great maritime and colonising nation; and if he had no other qualification, he could not

have breathed the same atmosphere with many of them, since the Geographical Society was established, without imbibing some portion of their spirit, which, he trusted, would sustain him in the performance of his duties. In conclusion, Mr. Murchison, alluding to a paragraph in the valedictory address of his valued predecessor, which stated that the funds of the society were low, and could best be replenished by an infusion of new members, called on all his associates who knew that the society existed only through the subscriptions of individuals, to exert themselves in procuring candidates worthy of being enrolled in a society which, the more its important objects were understood, whether as respected pure science or national utility, the more must it obtain the support of all enlightened persons, who would rejoice in upholding a body which was warmly patronised by her Majesty and her Government.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Nov. 15th.—Mr. W. Tooke in the chair. Read a communication, by Mr. F. Pellatt, "On Elkington's process of coating iron with zinc, copper," &c. Several specimens of hinges, ornamental railings, bolts, &c., prepared by this process, were laid on the table. For the zinc solution of the process, ordinary crystallised sulphate of zinc is dissolved in water in the proportion of one pound of the sulphate to one gallon of water. For the copper solution, ferrocyanide of copper is dissolved in the cyanide of potassium, and heated to about 120 degs., previously to the circuit being completed. The paper stated, that in order to test the adhesion of these metals, bolts of iron coated with copper have been driven through African oak, 2½ inches thick, without at all disturbing the coating of copper; they have also been heated far above redness, and then plunged into cold water, without any injury arising from the difference of expansion and contraction of the metals.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Sept. 1.—Mr. J. E. Gray, president, in the chair. Dr. Wood of Cork presented a specimen of *Neottia gemmipara* found in Ireland. Dr. T. Taylor presented the following species of *Jungermannia*, new to the British flora:—*Jungermannia reclusa* (MSS. Taylor), *J. fragilifolia* (MSS. Taylor), *J. germana* (MSS. Taylor), and *J. riparia* (MSS. Taylor). Read:—"Observations on some varieties of *Hypna*, and on a new species of lichen," collected in North America by Dr. Watson, and by him presented to the society. The new lichen described was named *Cenomyce foliaceae*.

Oct. 6.—Mr. J. Reynolds, treasurer, in the chair. Mr. A. Gerard exhibited a collection of fruits and seeds from Sierra Leone, containing specimens of the butter and tallow tree (*Pentadesma butyracea*). Read: "Notes of a botanical excursion to Tilgate Forest in August last," by the chairman.

Nov. 8.—Mr. H. C. Watson in the chair. The following papers were read: "On the botany of Lichfield," by the Rev. R. Garnett; "Notes on a species of *Cuscuta* found at Durlford, Cambridgeshire," by Mr. F. Bond. The chairman presented a series of specimens of the common birch, in order to show that the forms described by different authors under the names of *Betula alba*, *pendula*, *glutinosa*, and *pubescens*, are only varieties of one single species, the original *Betula alba* of Linnæus. Mr. Watson stated that he had repeatedly found on different branches of the same tree the various forms of leaf and other characters, which were

given as the distinctions between these supposed species; and that the leaves of *Betula glutinosa* or *pubescens* were produced usually, if not always, on the seedling-plants of *Betula alba* or *pendula*. Specimens of *Primula elatior*, from the Bardfield station, were presented by Mr. E. Doubleday. They were remarkable for the wide variation in the relative length of the calyx and corolla, and also in the form of the leaves, some specimens resembling the primrose in their tapering leaves, while others had the abruptly contracted leaves similar to those of the cowslip.

Carbon-Battery.—The carbon-battery is the novelty exhibited during the week at the Adelaide Gallery. There are two claimants to the invention.—Mr. Cooper in this country, and Prof. Bunsen in France, whence the subject of this notice has been obtained. The former suggested in 1840, and, we believe, practically applied charcoal as the negative element of a galvanic series; but as far as it appears, in a rough manner, with a view to simplicity and to cheapness,—a lump of carbon in nitric acid, and in a common earthenware vessel dilute sulphuric acid and zinc. This, extended, undoubtedly is a carbon-battery; perhaps the first ever made, and of which Prof. Bunsen may or may not have heard. Be this as it may, we have only now to deal with his carbon-battery as it is, presenting in its construction considerable ingenuity. By reducing carbon to powder, and afterwards by compression in a mould, a carbon cylinder is formed. This placed in nitric acid in a glass jar, and into the centre of it a porous vessel with dilute sulphuric acid, and in that a zinc cylinder, constitutes a single cell; the connexions for a battery being made by zinc bands encircling the charcoal, and with strips of the same metal clamped to others proceeding from the zinc centre. The object of Bunsen's battery is to obtain the great power of the nitric acid, or Grove's battery, at a comparatively small first cost, by substituting cheap carbon for expensive platinum. This would appear to have been accomplished; but experience tells a different tale. An equal amount of power is not attainable with an equal numerical arrangement, although the extent of the carbon greatly exceeds that of the platinum. This may not signify, because larger surfaces still may be employed, and in cases where the value of platinum would interfere. But there is yet a drawback to its use, and which will always render the carbon-battery, in its present form, an uncertain and troublesome one; namely, the corrosion of the connexions, by the nitric acid rising by capillary attraction through the pores of the charcoal. This may be remedied by platinum bands and strips; but here again the dear metal comes into calculation. Nitrous fumes are common to both. We confess a preference for the original nitric acid battery; and platinum may soon be worked much more cheaply. But whether or no, the platinum plates of a galvanic series will last for ever.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Nov. 11, 1843.
Academy of Sciences: sitting of November 6.—M. Dutrochet read a memoir, entitled "Spontaneous revolving movements observed among vegetables." The spontaneous motions adverted to by the author are dependent on an internal exciting cause, and take place in the absence of all special excitation from without, differing from the turning to the light, sleeping and waking, sensitive ness to touch, &c. They have

been observed in *Hedysarum gyrans* of the family Leguminæ, *H. gyroides*, and *H. vespertilionis*; also in the *Stylidium graminifolium* of New Holland; but hitherto for the most part in foreign plants, and therefore not much studied. M. Dutrochet has detected and examined analogous movements in several common vegetables, the cultivated pea (*Pisum sativum*), the cucumber (*Cucumis sativus*), &c. He had sown in a vase in his room several grains of the first named. As soon as the fourth leaf above the cotyledons was developed complete with the simple point which terminated its petiole, he remarked in this point and in the leaf itself the peculiar revolving slow movements, which he examined by fixed indicators, and which were minutely described in the memoir. He attributes them to an interior and vital excitation, and not at all to the action of light, which is opposed to, and if vivid arrests, them.

M. C. Dupin read a statistical paper on the savings'-banks of Paris, and of the different cities and towns of France, shewing the constantly increasing amount of the deposits, and arguing against the fears entertained by some persons in regard to the difficulties which a sudden demand for repayment would present. The savings'-bank of Paris in January last had in deposit more than a hundred millions.

M. Robert wrote, that on examining a recent chalk slip at St. Valery in Caux, he found on the surface of a lump of chalk the impression of a large species of ammonite.

M. Gague has used very advantageously an injection of alcohol of fœcula and spirits of turpentine for the protection of anatomical subjects from putrefaction; it also preserves their flexibility.

M. J. Payer's experiments on the tendency of roots to avoid light, shew that all the light of the spectrum does not appear to concur to this action: no parts comprised between F and H affect roots in this way.

M. Aimé forwarded a table of observations of terrestrial magnetism, made by him at Algiers, to co-operate with the grand system of simultaneous observations according to the programme of the Royal Society of London.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Nov. 7.—J. R. Kenyon, Esq., D.C.L., was unanimously elected Vinerian Professor of Common Law, in the room of the late Dr. P. Williams.

The Rev. A. H. Duthie, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

The following degrees have been conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—C. M. Lushington (fellow elect of All Souls' College), Oriel; Rev. W. D. Hall, fellow of New College.

In a convocation it was unanimously resolved to grant out of the university chest the sum of 500*l.* to the National Fund in aid of the establishment and support of schools in the manufacturing and mining districts.—*Oxford Herald*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

[Agreeably to our notification in last *Gazette*, we now give insertion to Mr. Osburn's valuable paper on Egyptian funeral papiri.]

The great Ritual, or book of the dead, is a roll of papyrus, containing a formula or directory of the adventures of the soul after death, according to the notions of the ancient Egyptians. Copies of the ritual are not unfrequently found in the tombs and mummy-pits of Egypt. Numbers of them have been brought to Europe, and the collection of them in the Museum is a very extensive one.

Referring to a copy of one of these singular but hitherto well-nigh unknown documents in his hand, Mr. O. explained it to consist of three great divisions, all of which are very

seldom found in the same copy. The first, which is divided into four chapters, represents in vignette the funeral procession with the offerings made to Phre the rising, and Athom the setting, sun. The second part contains the adventures of the soul in the world underground until its reunion with the embalmed body, and the judgment of the whole man in the hall of the two Themes, or truths, before the bar of Athom, or Osiris. The third part relates the remaining adventures of the dead before the manifestation to light, or, in other words, the resuscitation on the return to life and the upper world, which is the grand aim of their psychology. Some general remarks upon the second part of this formulary, serving to make its contents and meaning in some degree intelligible, were nearly as follows.

In all the best copies this part of the ritual is introduced by four vignettes, placed the one under the other, and occupying the entire breadth of the papyrus. The uppermost of these vignettes represents a boat with divinities. On reference to the square zodiac at Ombos, we find this to be the bark of the sun in the twelfth hour of the day. On board this bark is the soul of the deceased person kneeling to Athom, the setting sun. The succeeding picture represents the disc of the sun having just sunk below the symbol of the visible heaven, when two goddesses, probably Isis and Nephthys, open the right and left portals of the west to receive him. It was plainly designed to indicate by this, that the soul went into the nether world in the bark of the sun at sunset. In the third vignette, Sol (accompanied, of course, by the soul) is received into the arms of Athom, the god of the setting sun, and of Heliopolis. On each side of the god are four apes, or *κυνόκεφαλοι*, who in every part of the ritual represent the ministers of vengeance. They are accusing the deceased of the crimes he had committed while on earth; but he is protected from them by the god Athom, having secured his patronage by the rich oblations, the representation of which, and the prayer which accompanied them, formed the concluding chapter of the preceding part of the ritual. The hieroglyphic text here, as almost every where else in this part of the ritual, is a dialogue. The deceased, at the termination of the preceding part, had asked for the god's protection. The god replies to him, granting it; he also declares to the deceased certain of his titles; as—"I am Athom, the slayer of mine enemies in the new moon (an expression which the zodiac at Ombos makes perfectly intelligible). I am the great god, firm for ever on the waters of the new moon. I am the father of the gods, otherwise called PH, whose name is in that of all the gods. I am the sun in his three dominions. I am Athom in his disc shining from between the two mountains eastward in heaven." The new moon is the celestial Nile; or, in other words, the course of the sun in the visible heavens, which the Egyptians supposed to be a huge abyss, or river of water, along which the sun passed in twelve barks, corresponding to the twelve hours of the day. It is said in another part of the ritual, that in the new moon there are no fishes, but many long snakes. These were the enemies with which Athom contended there, as we find from the Ombite zodiac. The word PH, the sun, concludes the hieroglyphic names of all the principal gods, as Amoun-re, and a number of others. This explains the phrase "whose name," &c. The sun in his three dominions alludes to the triple division of the entire circle of his diurnal course. The four hours immediately before and the four

hours immediately after sunset belonged to Athom, the eight hours of night to Osiris, and the eight hours of morning and noon to Phre, the divine hawk, i. e. the rising sun. The expression denotes that three constitute a triple manifestation of one and the same being. The soul responds to this gracious assurance, "I conquer through my father Phre: the arm of the gods hath fought."

"The divine lord of destruction falls upon the apes."

He who is the president of this region hath given them battle.

While Osiris hath refreshed me, his is the west wherein the souls feast

Whom Osiris, the lord of the gifts of the west, inviteth."

The expressions in the latter verses are made intelligible by the vignettes which accompany them. In these the soul is represented seated in two houses, called the habitations of the two western mountains; in both of which it partakes of bread, wine, and milk. This is the viaticum of the soul preparatory to its perilous journey in the nether world,—a notion which doubtless passed from hence into the Greek and Roman mythologies. The effect of this viaticum was to render the soul instinct with, or rather one with, the soul of Osiris in the land of Tuhon, or firmness. Thus prepared for its terrible adventure, the deceased approached the bark of the first hour of the night, and commenced its voyage along the Mehmoun, or infernal abyss, or, in other words, the nocturnal path of the sun through the heavens beneath, which, like his diurnal path, they supposed to be a vast river or abyss, along which the sun navigated in twelve barks or boats.

It appears evidently from hence, that according to the mythic notions of the ancient Egyptians, the soul descended into the *ὑπογίαν* with the setting sun, and it was in the bark of the nocturnal sun that it sailed along to its trial before Osiris in the judgment-hall. This very singular notion, which the tenor of the ritual makes perfectly obvious, has, it is believed, hitherto entirely escaped observation.

One other point, also, of general interest to the comprehension of the scope and tenor of the entire ritual, was further noticed.

A passage in the prayer, or imprecation, to be said on entering the bark of the first hour of the night, gives us the geography of the vast river upon the navigation of which the soul was just entering. It reads thus:—

"This is the ancient source of the abyss, otherwise called the pool of Natron,

Which is with (joins) the pool of the great place of justice.

Moreover it is the way along which the sun travels,

And it is the heart (the commencement) of the pool of the hall of the two truths, i. e. the great place of justice.

Moreover the pool of the great place of justice joins unto the land of Abydos.

They are otherwise called, the way along which father Athom passes

When he seeks to be manifested between the two mountains of the east."

To explain this passage, it was shewn that the hieroglyphic as well as the Coptic name of the city of Abydos signifies the east, or the place of sun-rising.

The pool of Natron, mentioned in this passage, can be no other than the well-known valley of the Natron Lakes, which many modern travellers conjecture to have been at some time the principal debouchure of the Nile. Herodotus expressly states that originally this was

the case, and that the course of the river was diverted by Menes. The framers of the ritual, which, it must be recollected, dates from the very commencement of the history of Egypt, evidently supposed that the celestial Nile, which the sun navigates in the daytime, and the terrestrial Nile united their streams in the valley of the Natron Lakes, where they both sank together into the abyss to form the infernal Nile, or course of the sun at night. This again rose out of the earth at Abydos, where it once more diverged; the one branch ascended into heaven with the sun, the other flowed along the earth and formed the Nile of Egypt.

This bizzarerie was evidently not unknown to Herodotus; he alludes to it in several places. In one place he tells us that Homer called the Nile *Ἀρεαῖος*, because it was generally believed that it began in an ocean as well as ended in one. In another place he laughs at the geographical notions entertained by a priest of Nuth at Sais in the Delta. This venerable admirer of the wisdom of his ancestors gravely informed him that the Nile arose out of a vast abyss between two mountains, called *Κροφῆ* and *Μωφῆ*, which were situated between Syene and Elephantine in the Thebaid. King Psammethichus had tried for the depth of this abyss, but found it unfathomable. Such was the enormous quantity of water which it disgorged, that it sent forth one river to the north, which was the Nile, and another to the south, which ran through Ethiopia. As Herodotus had been himself further up the Nile than either Syene or Elephantine, he was of course much amused with this account, which is, nevertheless, evidently the notion embodied in this passage of the ritual.

Let us now (said Mr. O.) give the rationale of this strange absurdity. The most ancient city of Egypt, according to all the Greek authors, was Heliopolis, at the apex of the Delta. It was deserted in the times of Strabo and Diodorus, and all the obelisks at Rome were brought from the ruins of its temples and palaces. It will be observed that Heliopolis stands exactly in the place where settlers from the north-east would be likely to find the first patch of cultivable land. These first settlers brought with them from Babel the worship of the setting sun, which they established in their new city. The view westward from Heliopolis would at that time be bounded to the verge of the horizon by the interminable swamps which the labours of the first kings, by means of moles and ditches, converted afterwards into the Delta and the valley of the Natron Lakes. The knowledge of physical geography of these first immigrants must necessarily have been very limited. It is not improbable that they were ignorant of the fact, that the Euphrates ran into the sea. Of the universal law by which all rivers ultimately terminate there, they would of course know nothing. The vast morass in which the river then terminated would also present very formidable difficulties to adventurers so ill supplied with the aids necessary for exploring it as the first settlers. It is, therefore, very supposable that years and even generations would elapse after the founding of Heliopolis, ere any thing like an exact knowledge of the termination of the river was acquired by them. It was probably in this intermediate period of ignorance that the second part of the ritual (which is evidently the most ancient) was framed. The Heliopolitan sages saw the sun disappear nightly in the same swamp in which the river also disappeared. Both went down in the same place, and they knew nothing of what became of either the one or the other.

They also observed that the sun reappeared every morning; the waters of the river also reappeared, and as constantly as they disappeared. The valley of the Nile must at this time have been explored as far as Abydos. Now, as the sun and river both seemed to go down together, they inferred from hence that they remained together after their disappearance. It was also the same sun that set in the west and reappeared in the east: they concluded that the identical water which disappeared with the sun reappeared in the opposite direction. They assumed, in a word (which was so common in the early state of society), that phenomena were realities, and that the then existing limits of their knowledge were the limits of all possible knowledge. In the valley of the Natron Lakes, therefore, was the world's end. There the river and the sun sank together into an imaginary abyss, and after traversing the world of spirits, rose again at the other end of the visible world. This they decided to take place at the extreme point of their existing knowledge of the river; and therefore they named that point Abydos, *i. e.* Edg, the east, the place of rising. Geographical theories scarcely less absurd were gravely taught and devoutly believed throughout the high schools of Europe not 500 years ago.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Nov. 11. — Sir T. E. Colebrooke in the chair. This was the society's first meeting for the season, and was well attended. A large number of books, presented to the library, was laid upon the table. The secretary read the commencement of a paper "On the history, geographical limits, and chronology, of the Chera kingdom," one of the three great divisions by which the peninsula of India was anciently occupied. As the reading of this paper was not concluded, we shall defer any notice of its contents to our report of the next meeting of the society.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Philological, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM PINNOCK.

FEW names are better known in the annals of education than that of *William Pinnock*, attached to so many elementary school-books, Catechisms, Histories, and, in short, to every class of useful and valuable study for the young. He died on the 21st ult., in his sixty-second year, and in very poor circumstances, only alleviated by the affectionate attentions of a wife and relatives who had unhappily been estranged from his latterly wayward and expedient-seeking course of life. But poor Pinnock was not always so: he made fortunes, and he lost them; for his mind was speculative beyond satiety or cure. From the humblest condition he raised himself to property and consideration. His energy was invincible; and had he been as steady in pursuit as he was ingenious in scheming, he might have been one of the richest publishers and booksellers in Britain.

Pinnock was lowly born at Alton in Hamp-

shire, where he made his first start as a teacher, and devised the admirable plan of catechetical composition for the purposes of early tuition. Thence he removed to Newbury; where the stoppage of the bank involved him in considerable difficulties. We became acquainted with him about that time; and an act on his part of a very honourable nature gave us a most favourable opinion of his character. For a year or two, settling in London, he was, with his then partner, Mr. Samuel Maunder,* publisher (with a share) of the then young *Literary Gazette*. His unwearied activity and perseverance at this period established the elementary school-books, which bore his name, to an immense extent; and, if he could have been contented with success, we think we may speak from personal knowledge that four or five thousand pounds a year was nearly his certain reward. But, as we have hinted, his Soul was a Projectile, without rest or end. Success only generated desire; and in the midst of publishing most prosperously, he devised new roads to fortune, and steamed away upon them all, as they inflamed his imagination. Among others, we remember one of pianoforte-making; to secure a monopoly in which he went to the London Docks, &c., and bought up all the veneer wood that could be got, so that all the old houses must come to him for veneer, or he alone could manufacture elegant instruments! And so he sank some thousands of pounds in a lot of material which could not have been wrought up in half a century.

Embarrassment was sure to follow such freaks as these; and that partnership which had done so much for him was broken up. Then came a course of numberless erratic modes to live on the past, and obtain notoriety and means enough to carry other of his large and tempting projections into effect. His later years were obscured by these attempts, and his representations (as far as they went) reflected some suspicions and discredited upon those who had made and sustained him in his earlier and better days. Whatever were his errors,—the errors of misfortune and reduced circumstances, rendered more exciting by the fervent structure of his disposition,—it ought not to be forgotten, that the works produced in his name, and through his exertions, have contributed perhaps more than any other class of literary production to the now prevalent means and clamours for universal education. He has done much in his day towards this popular effect; and in his early services and late sufferings, his early merits and his late decline, we must—a just and generous public must—lament his frailties, but do honour to his foresight and resolute exertions in the cause of "instruction for the million." Like too many pioneers, he lost his own way; but now his path has ended in the grave, we (who have suffered somewhat by him) would put his Epitaph among those who have bene-

fited their fellow-creatures; and, as was said of a jester, might inscribe with much more of feeling, truth, and justice, the tomb of a teacher—

ALAS, POOR PINNOCK!

Mr. John David Robertson, the assistant secretary of the Royal Society, was, on Tuesday, found dead in his room, to which he had gone in apparently perfect health on the preceding evening.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

M. GUIZOT.

[Viewing M. Guizot as the greatest statesman that ever rose out of the ranks of literature to exercise a glorious power over the destinies of nations, for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, we have separated the annexed extract from our review of Jules Janin's work in a preceding page. It not only throws light on the career of the illustrious minister alluded to, but adds further information to what we stated last week respecting his early relations, which are highly interesting.]

"AMONG other portraits worthy of attention, the portrait of M. Guizot, which all America has asked from M. Paul Delaroché (a well-merited honour), has deserved the sympathy of all. The engraving which M. Calamatta has made of this portrait of M. Guizot is exceedingly good, and quite worthy of the model. It is the puritan appearance of that convinced writer, who has passed through so many vicissitudes of fortune. Poor, without name, urged onwards by the inward feeling which promised him such great things, he had at first difficulty in finding a newspaper which would consent to print his finest pages. M. Guizot had no youth; his father, who died upon the revolutionary scaffold, had bequeathed to him the everlasting grief of his remaining parent. In his misery the young man no longer knew whence liberty was to come; liberty had killed his father. But this monarchy which traces back so far, must it be abandoned to that abyss into which it is throwing itself headlong? It is known that at this moment in the history of France more than one honest conscience felt itself troubled and uneasy. This uneasiness, this trouble, was the presentiment of future revolutions. That which decided M. Guizot in his devotedness to the house of Bourbon was the flight of king Louis XVIII., forced to quit his throne in the middle of the night, whilst Bonaparte advanced at the head of the legions which he had assembled on his route. That which alienated him from the Restoration, which he had so well defended, was the pride, the insolence, the ingratitude of that Restoration, which had reached its highest point of power and splendour. The pride of M. Guizot was for him, like an irresistible force, in his days of misfortune. When he saw himself turned out of his places, driven from his pulpit, odious to that monarchy which he had so faithfully served, not like a courtier, but like a good citizen, M. Guizot retired without uttering the slightest complaint, and then you might have seen him such as he really is, unruined and invincible. Poverty, so dreaded by all the men who govern France at the present day, has never alarmed M. Guizot; and it is just because he knew how to be poor, that he has reached his present high and incontestable character for probity. In his occupation as a writer, his wife was constantly associated with him,—his trusty, devoted wife, with her firm, rare mind, calm good sense, admirable courage, and profound resignation to the decrees of Providence.—Poor woman, she died happy; for before dying she had foreseen the new destinies of her husband; and that at no very distant day, in a great tempest, which was gathering,

* Of Mr. Maunder, the author of the *Treasury of Knowledge*, *Biographical Treasury*, and other works of the kind, unequalled for industry, care, and merit, we cannot omit the opportunity to speak in terms of the warmest eulogy both as a private individual and a public writer of the most useful description. Though Pinnock was the original contriver of the majority of the publications which justly obtained such extensive popularity, all the best parts of the execution were by Mr. Maunder, whose sister is Pinnock's widow; and whilst the one unfortunately forsook the direct road, where he had accomplished so much, to follow illusory projects, the other persevered honourably in the path of literary labour and exertion, earning for himself an unsullied reputation for great ability and straightforward enterprise. By Mr. Maunder and his sister, the latter clouded days of their misguided connexion were soothed and brightened; for his errors and neglect were all forgotten in his forlorn condition.—*Ed. L. G.*

France would not vainly invoke the genius, the courage, the wisdom, the foresight, of that man, who found himself reduced to become the translator of Latourneur's Shakespere, in order to obtain a livelihood."

IRELAND: TRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

THE "CHANCES," we said, was the key-stone word to much of Irish common-life affairs; but necessarily more observable to travellers, upon whom these chances depend, than to the natives, upon whom they are seldom or never tried. In Mr. and Mrs. Hall's *Week at Killarney*,* to which we have so frequently referred, it is laid down with genuine Irish humour, that "latterly Mr. Finn and Mr. Roche" (the two landlords of the nearest inns) "have introduced some valuable improvements in the system of boat-letting: a definite charge is now made. It is 10s. a day, and 5s. for the dinner of five men—i.e. 15s.; and 7s. 6d. for half a day, no charge for men's dinners being then made. Mr. Finn and Mr. Roche have found it impossible to prevent the men from asking and expecting a gratuity when the day's voyaging is done. 'Old custom' is more powerful than fear; and—the boatmen will ask for money. We recommend its being given to them as a matter of course: an additional expenditure of 5s., i.e. 1s. to each of the men, will not be felt by the tourist; and with this gratuity the men will be content. Their season is but a short one, and their day's wages of 1s. 6d. are terribly small." This is about the best definition we ever met with of an Irish "definite charge," so happily agreed upon by Messrs. Finn and Roche! (both of the finny tribe.) We had a boat from two o'clock till between five and six—the charge was 14s.; and the boatmen (the chances!) assured us, on their honour, that no gentleman gave them less than 5s., but as much more as our honours liked would not be thrown into any of the three lakes. So, having treated them with lunch, quasi dinner, at one of the halts, and given a golden sovereign, at disembarking we discovered the "definite charge" with the "matter of course" to be, instead of "7s. 6d.," just one pound two, lawful money of Queen Victoria. Now we find no fault with the expense—we had tenfold enjoyment for the price; but three times the amount of a "definite charge," so honourable to the landlords of Herbert Arms and Victoria, might be felt by some economical touristical people.

"The Chances" are also taken advantage of by the gratuitous drivers of cars, &c. who are engaged to take you to and from inns without cost. The fact is, that if you do not give them a douceur equal to or more than a hired conveyance would charge, you have grumbling and representing circumstances, which are most annoying to a conscientious, liberal, and sci-

tific traveller. So, as our friends in their "Six Weeks" say, as "a matter of course," "we recommend" your giving the "additional expenditure," as of no consequence to you, yet exceedingly agreeable to these human addenda of the definite articles. *Couleur de rose* is every thing: even in its woodcuts of the filthy and disgusting beggars of Ireland, the "Six Weeks" beats all Jules Janin's subjects for piquant remark (see preceding page).

But, besides the Chances, there must be a superior Power that watches over Ireland and the Irish. It is Providence, which is so manifestly needed to take care of a people who take no care of themselves. If they were a thoughtful people, and dwelt upon their miserable condition and their miserable prospects, there would require no agitation nor clamour of repeal to provoke a rebellion; they would rebel every season, with every failure of the potato gardens, with every thing around and before them everywhere. But they are of a temperament so shallow as to be unfathomable, so light as to be unsusceptible of being weighed, regulated, or conjectured. The Irish are the riddle of riddles.

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM, OR LONDON ONE LIE!

LESSON XLV.

Aunt Margery. Well, I am pleased to see that the police have at length taken to look after my friends the knackers.

Phi. As they have got into the knack of being prompted by good advice, I hope they will look beyond the Yards to the produce thereof.*

Aunt M. (almost fainting.) My dears, if I had dined on the ninth at the Guilded Hall (so the old lady pronounced it), and my health had been, as it must have been, drunk, for the benefits I have conferred upon the community at large by my lessons to you, I could only have said it was the proudest moment of my life, and unaccustomed as I was to public speaking, I—I—I sat down.

Phi. But talking of civic dinners,—where, as papa told us, the polite are starved, and the vulgar gorged, because the one fancies he is in civilised society, and waits to be helped to something in turn, whilst the other helps himself to every thing that comes near him,—see this writ, put into my hand as we turned the corner just now.

Pri. What is it?

Aunt M. (looking over it.) An invitation to an eating-house dinner, like the invitation to buy marriage-furniture—outrageous puffs addressed to the predominant feelings of hunger and love.

Phi. I have seen these puffing caravans to persons about to be married; and the grossness of supposing that young couples were to be trapped more than any other class of furnishing housekeepers, stamped (thanks, my own aunt, for your Lessons) the "London Lie" on my penetration.

Pri. But now to dinner, with what appetite you may.

Aunt M. It is only the form of the slip of paper to attract. As Phil said, it is, unconsciously I believe, like a writ; and, in the name of Queen Victoria, summons the lieges to "dine for fourpence off [far off] the finest joints, &c." What the "&c." means, we must dine there to

* The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has also taken up this matter; but, from its constitution, it does not seem probable that it can extend its inquiries or services to the subsequent cruelties, in regard to articles of food, practised upon human beings.—*Ed. L. G.*

know; but the restaurateur assures the world that the "improved condition of all who have visited his clean, comfortable, and health-restoring establishment" is apparent to the outsiders who have not the means to "eat as much as they possibly can," at this price, of "hot joints, fish, poultry, game, soups," and two other "&c. &c."

Phi. Well, food is cheap enough; and if fuel and clothing were equally so, there could not be the deep distress we hear so much about.

Aunt M. Alas, no; but the signs are false, the sufferings real. It is the dishonesty of such pretences that create much of the general misery. As I have always impressed upon you, the poorer classes are the greatest sufferers by the infamous adulterations of food, the cheats in every kind of raiment, and the atrocities of short measures and insufficient weights. They buy on a small scale, and the injuries seem trivial; but carry them out through a year, through a life, through the wants of a family, and they are exorbitant beyond imagination, and ruinous and fatal far above the calculations of belief.

Pri. (cries a little, whilst she puts a small lump of candy into her coffee.) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Aunt M. On every ½lb. of indifferent meat, an ounce or half an ounce, even on the limited consumption of the poor, will amount to a great proportion in all; the same in the worst of teas will be much more plundering; in short, in every thing they purchase there is an extent of robbery and privation, to which the almost accredited plunders of the rich and noble is a nothing. *Mighty* frauds, after all, do little harm: it is the petty but systematic preying upon the necessities of the necessitous that makes the *mighty* wrong; and though I cannot invoke government to attend to it, I can call on all the magistracy, police, and conservancy of England to do a duty, above all price, in looking into these details. The fact is, that absolutely unwholesome fish, tainted meat, and stale worthless poultry and game, the refuse of the markets and impossible to be kept any longer, are disguised in these filthy places, and, instead of nourishment, infect the devourers with disease.

SEPULTURE.

FEW subjects have occupied the minds of living man so much, from the earliest annals of the world which we possess to the present hour, as the consideration of the best mode of disposing of the mortal remains of generations as they pass away. The necessity of the case, under many circumstances, has led to methods at which the sense revolted; though to some of these, various nations became reconciled by custom, whilst others continued to look upon them with aversion and disgust. Not to dwell on old or distant funeral customs—on exposure to animals, on floating in rivers, on incineration, and on appliances still more strange,—we may advert to the recent efforts and devices which have been directed to overcome the chief evils of sepulture as practised throughout civilised Europe. Against burial under churches where congregations assemble to worship, and in crowded localities amid the swarming population of cities, the voice of the public has been raised, not only in reprehension, but in apprehension; and there can be no doubt of the frequently fatal effects from these causes on the general health, independently of the abhorrent, criminal, and hardening scenes which are the inevitable result. As remedial measures, in France the Gannal process has been invented, and brought into considerable use; and in

* Hibernically and beautifully confirmative of the Essential in our last Sketch is the following: "Irish guides are, as our readers will imagine, the most amusing fellows in the world; always ready to do any thing, explain any matter, go any where; for if the tourist proposes a trip to the moon, the guide will undertake to lead the way.—'Bedad he will, will all de pleasure in life.'" *The Chances* might take them there. With this probably we shall take our leave of Mr. and Mrs. Hall's finely illustrated volume, whose only fault in our eyes is, that its very favourable views of every thing may lead to the disappointment of less enthusiastic travellers who consult it as a guide. But in Ireland Mrs. Hall, especially, is most popular. Her portrait pairs with that of her Majesty in hotels; and we met with an apartment prettily fitted up with sundry references to her and her writings, properly and gratefully designated "Mrs. Hall's Room." We never found the potten more agreeable than in this snug parlour.—*Ed. L. G.*

many places the formation of suburban cemeteries has been carried into beneficial effect. Still there seemed to be something yet better to be done—a device, as it were, to preserve the departed with a Gannal-affection for their memory, and to deposit their once-loved bodies where they might be for ages secure, and tempt not the violators of the tomb to despoil them for their leaden sanctuary, nor the anatomist for their sad lessons in morbid science. And this desideratum has, in our judgment, been most ingeniously and gratefully accomplished by an invention patented by Mr. M. W. Johnson, which we were invited to examine in the New Road; and upon which we, in justice to its simplicity and completeness, offer these remarks. It is, indeed, but an improved return to one of the methods of the mediæval ages, and one which ought to have become universal had there not been such wide chasms in the frame of society, immensely filled up by the equalisations that have since taken place. There are still, no doubt, the excessively rich and the miserably poor; but there is also the innumerable and omnipotent middle class between; and to these do inventions like the present appeal. Mr. Johnson's plan may be told in few words. The corpse, enclosed in an ordinary wooden coffin, is deposited in a case of the same shape hewn out of solid stone, in the top of which are ledges and grooves, so that the lid being fastened on with cement and rivetted bolts, nothing but brute force, and breaking the whole to pieces, can disturb the hallowed dead!!! There is no matter where such sepulchres are put: they will last in the ground for ever; they will lie for centuries in vaults without permitting a particle of carbonic acid, or other deleterious substance, to escape; they will endure in the earthen mounds of the humble parish churchyard, and in the niches of the beautified and sculptured cemetery. Their convenience is also deserving of notice. The stone can be laid in the last resting-place, and the burial ceremony be effected by carrying to it merely the wooden coffin with its enclosure, and fastening it within, the same as if done before removal. Inscriptions can be cut on any part. And above all, the material and weight defy the attempts of the midnight robber, however loosely guarded against even by conniving officials. Their appearance also is agreeable to the mourner in distress, for they look clean as they are durable; and however slight importance may be attached by some to such particulars, there are thousands whose feelings would be sweetly soothed by even such alleviations of their irremediable grief. We have only to add that we believe the stone coffins are not very expensive, but within the means of numbers whose approbation would amply recompense the inventor for his very valuable and very interesting design.

THE DRAMA.

At *Drury Lane*, *Le Diable Amoureux* (the Devil in Love) is to succeed the *Peri* dancers, C. Grisi and Petipa. It made a *furor* in Paris, and with Pauline Leroux is likely to supply the *Peri*-place.

Haymarket.—Mrs. Nisbett has been attractive during the week in the *Love Chase* and other favourite comedies. The only novelty has been a farce, called *Laying the Ghost*. It is lively and smart, but here and there rather broad. Miss Julia Bennett plays in it exceedingly well.

The *English Opera*, which we thought had

begun with Jullien's concerts on Thursday week, was only opened last Thursday, with an admirable musical treat as usual.

Mr. Macready in America.—After finishing his very successful engagement at New York, by which, according to the journals, our great tragedian has revived the sunken spirit of the drama there, Mr. Macready proceeded to fulfil a similar task in Philadelphia, where there has not been a notion of "repudiating" him. On the contrary, we see by the *Pennsylvanian* of Oct. 25th and the *Mercury* of the 26th, that he had played *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* to crowded and admiring houses. The criticisms in these papers, and particularly the latter, are by no means indiscriminating panegyrics, but written with judgment as to the text of the immortal author, and taste as to the performances of the accomplished actor. In both characters Macready appears to them to have embodied the poet in a manner unknown to their stage since he was seen there seventeen years ago, and much improved in conception and superior in execution to what he then achieved. They feared that time might have wrought injury; but, instead of weakness or failure, witnessed with delight a far higher mastery of the highest exactions of dramatic excellence.

VARIETIES.

The Zoological Society.—We are happy to learn that this flourishing society will on Tuesday week open their new house, in Hanover Square, with an evening meeting. To give interest to the occasion, and it will impart a great deal, Prof. Owen has undertaken to deliver a lecture upon some immense and extraordinary fossil remains which have reached Surgeons' Hall within the last six weeks.

The British Gallery was opened to a view of the productions of native artists, after Masters left for their study; but we must defer our notice till next week.

Chinese Exhibition.—The new arrangements of which we spoke in our last are, thorough cleansing, the addition of a small statue of the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, and the reduction of the admission-fee. This splendid exhibition is now available to a wider circle of visitors, and general advantage is being taken of "low prices."

Caricatures.—Two new H.B.'s have set all the streets a-laughing about the Agitator. In the first he is Ancient Pistol eating the Leek forced upon him by Fluellen Peel. The long sword of "Monster Meetings" hangs useless by his side, and the expression is very comic. The other represents him as the Naughty Boy—a superb parody on "Edwin Landseer's admired Picture."

The Victoria Park, in the eastern parts of the metropolis, and about the celebrated legendary and dramatic scene of the *Beggar of Bethnal Green*, will be proceeded with early in spring, as the necessary property is now being sold, and the ground will be clear for the improvements in February. A wide space will thus be formed for convenient suburban cottages and villas.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England has appointed Mr. Parkes its consulting engineer; and we rejoice to see it stated, that the attention of the council has been called to that most important part of their royal charter, "to promote the comfort and welfare of labourers, and to encourage the improved management of their cottages and gardens." The next grand meeting is to be on Southampton Common.

Sir William Hamilton.—This eminent astronomer, the president of the Royal Irish Aca-

demy, has had a pension of 200*l.* per annum graciously conferred upon him by her Majesty. This is at once Justice to Ireland and to Science. To Earl de Grey's suggestion probably this well-bestowed compliment is due. The noble viceroy is himself more than a patron of science. He is well versed in many of its branches, although not so deeply in the abstruse one in which the learned Irish professor so excels.

Geological Convulsion.—Large portions of the picturesque mountain called Skybarrow Crag, on Ullswater, have recently fallen on all sides, and immense blocks into the lake. These avalanches have attracted many spectators from the surrounding country.

Razzias.—The performance of these cruel invasions in Africa which we so often meet with in the Paris papers, reminds us of the Highland term *raid*, *raids*, used of old for similar barbarous inroads upon defenceless people and property.

Earthquake in Assam.—The third severe shock since January occurred on the 16th of June last.

Conundrum.—Why are Lord Dudley Stuart and Captain James Ross like needles?—Give it up? Because they are attracted to the Poles!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

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Nov. 18	11	45	15.2	Nov. 23	11	46	12.4
19	—	45	28.3	24	—	46	27.8
20	—	45	42.2	25	—	46	45.7
21	—	45	56.9				

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